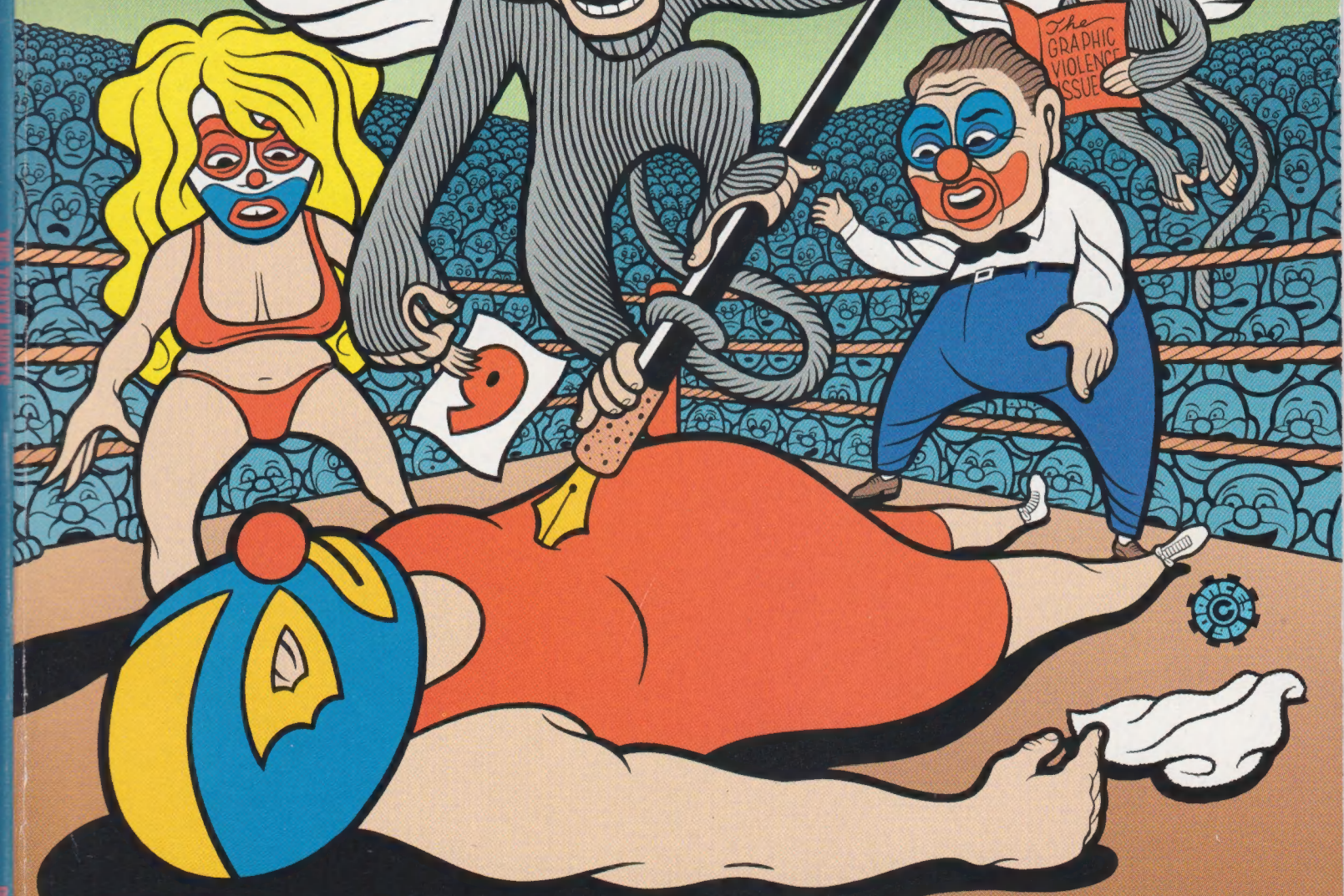




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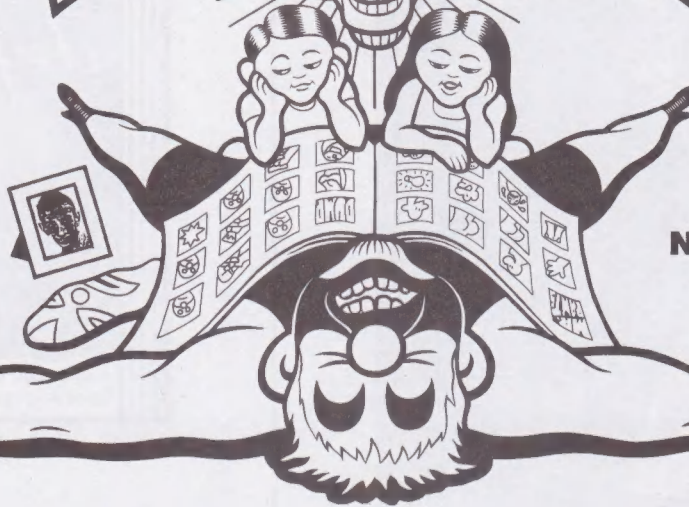
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# MOTORBOOTY



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Color by John Hill, who also colored  
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Limited quantities of **MOTORBOOTY #6** (including Miles Davis, the Firesign Theatre, Blowfly, Bozo the Clown, and "The MOTORBOOTY Generation"), **MOTORBOOTY #7** (with Last Poets, Von Lmo, Rainbowhead, "Music to Fuck To," and "Rock Lit") and **MOTORBOOTY #8** (featuring Melvin Van Peebles, Nicodemus, *The Real World: Kalamazoo*, '40s fanzine *Nuts To You*, and the "Rock Death Index") are still available for \$4 cheap

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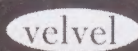




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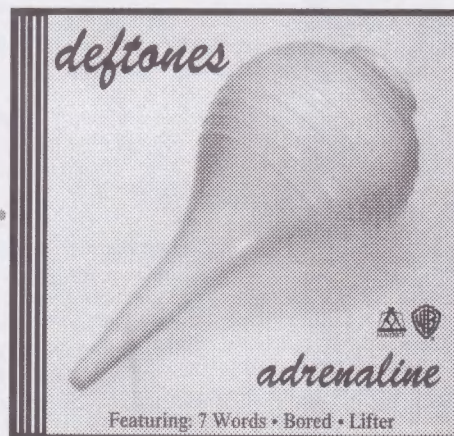
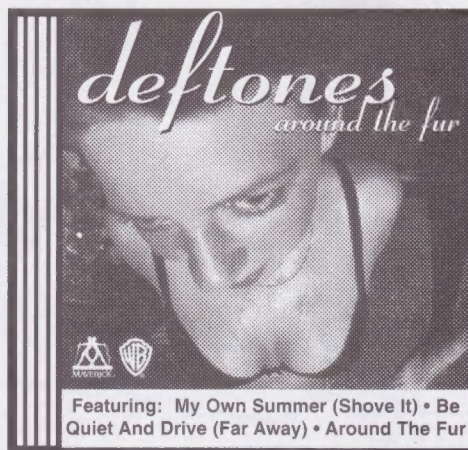
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# LOOSE BOOTY

## THE 100 WORST ALBUMS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

For those readers who missed our inventory of the century's most dubious musical achievements, here, as a public service to the modernless, is a hard copy of the MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst Albums of the Twentieth Century as it appeared on [www.motorbooty.com](http://www.motorbooty.com).

1. Beach Boys: *Pet Sounds*
2. Pink Floyd: *Dark Side of the Moon*
3. Asia: *Asia*
4. The Who: *Tommy*
5. Boston: *Boston*
6. The Beatles: *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*
7. The Doors: *The Doors*
8. The Clash: *London Calling*
9. Frank Zappa: *Apostrophe*
10. Pearl Jam: *Ten*
11. Bob Seger: *Night Moves*
12. Derek and the Dominoes: *Layla & Other Assorted Love Songs*
13. Hüsker Dü: *Flip Your Wig*
14. Lou Reed: *Berlin*
15. Patti Smith: *Dream of Life*
16. Journey: *Escape*
17. Bruce Springsteen: *The River*
18. Dead Kennedys: *Plastic Surgery Disasters*
19. Sonic Youth: *Goo*
20. Rush: *2112*
21. Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers: *Rock 'n' Roll with the Modern Lovers*
22. Iggy Pop: *Blah Blah Blah*
23. Korn: *Follow the Leader*
24. Rollins Band: *Weight*
25. Bob Dylan: *Time Out of Mind*
26. Big Black: *Songs About Fucking*
27. U2: *The Joshua Tree*
28. Sebadoh: *Bakesale*
29. Styx: *The Grand Illusion*
30. Liz Phair: *Exile in Guyville*
31. Chicago: *Chicago X*
32. Violent Femmes: *Violent Femmes*
33. Talking Heads: *Talking Heads: 77*
34. Suicidal Tendencies: *Suicidal Tendencies*
35. The Who: *Who's Next*
36. Nirvana: *In Utero*
37. David Bowie: *Let's Dance*
38. R.E.M.: *Green*
39. Grateful Dead: *American Beauty*
40. Supertramp: *Breakfast in America*
41. Pussy Galore: *Right Now*
42. Genesis: *Selling England By the Pound*
43. Lionel Richie: *Can't Slow Down*
44. Rapeman: *Two Nuns and a Pack Mule*
45. Puffy and the Family: *No Way Out*
46. Soundgarden: *Louder Than Love*
47. Bongwater: *Double Bummer*
48. Combustible Edison: *I, Swinger*
49. Bad Religion: *No Control*
50. Midnight Oil: *10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1*
51. Angry Samoans: *Back From Samoa*
52. Billy Joel: *The Stranger*
53. *Flashdance (Original Soundtrack)*
54. Kraftwerk: *Electric Cafe*
55. Dead Milkmen: *Beelzebubba*
56. Elvis Costello: *Punch the Clock*
57. Beat Happening: *Beat Happening*
58. Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons: *Greatest Hits*
59. Stone Temple Pilots: *Core*
60. Starship: *Knee Deep in the Hoopla*
61. Bikini Kill: *The Singles*
62. Jimmy Buffett: *Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes*
63. Wire: *A Bell Is a Cup Until It Is Struck*
64. Uriah Heep: *Very 'eavy... Very 'umble*
65. Jane's Addiction: *Ritual de la Habitual*
66. America: *Holiday*
67. Lydia Lunch: *Hysterie*
68. Moody Blues: *Days of Future Passed*
69. Pere Ubu: *Cloudland*
70. Todd Rundgren: *A Wizard, A True Star*
71. REO Speedwagon: *You Can Tune a Piano But You Can't Tuna Fish*
72. Nick Cave: *The Good Son*
73. Grand Funk Railroad: *E Pluribus Funk*
74. Southern Culture on the Skids: *Dirt Track Date*
75. Yes: *Tales from Topographic Oceans*
76. Mighty Mighty Bosstones: *Question the Answers*
77. Huey Lewis: *Sports*
78. Kansas: *Point of Know Return*
79. Jon Spencer Blues Explosion: *Orange*
80. Joe Walsh: *The Smoker You Drink, the Player You Get*
81. Living Colour: *Vivid*
82. Stone Roses: *Stone Roses*
83. Emerson, Lake and Palmer: *Brain Salad Surgery*
84. Marilyn Manson: *Antichrist Superstar*
85. Dwarves: *Blood Guts & Pussy*
86. Rolling Stones: *Some Girls*
87. Killdozer: *For Ladies Only*
88. Neil Young: *Harvest*
89. Carole King: *Tapestry*
90. FIREHOSE: *if'n*
91. Bob Marley: *Exodus*
92. Jesus Lizard: *Head*
93. Big Chief: *Platinum Jive*
94. Bone Thugs N' Harmony: *Creepin' On Ah Come Up*
95. Reverend Horton Heat: *Smoke 'Em If You Got 'Em*
96. Wang Chung: *Mosaic*
97. Gang of Four: *Hard*
98. Wings: *Wings Over America*
99. Captain Beefheart: *Bluejeans and Moonbeams*
100. (tie) Hole: *Live Through This*
100. (tie) G.G. Allin: *Freaks, Faggots, Drunks & Junkies*

For our purposes, only albums recorded in English were eligible for inclusion on the list, which is why Dee Dee Ramone's solo album was excluded.

For purposes of calculation, the variables which composed the formula were: sonic discomfort (s), derivativeness (d), popularity (p), ability (a), critical response (c), vapidity (v), bombast (b), mediocrity (m), and self-importance (i). The formula's margin of error was +/- 0%.

$$\begin{aligned} \lim_{c \rightarrow \infty} \left[ \int \right] \sqrt{p^2 - v(b)} - \frac{v(i+a)d}{m^2} \\ \gamma_c = \frac{p - \frac{1}{2}a\pi 4}{(1-p-2\pi 4)a(-d_i)} p^{sv2} \int p^{sv}(b-s)^v \\ X = (1-d^{-2}\pi b)m(-ib)a^{ibp}c^{ibd}(1-a) \\ m\psi(v, \theta) \sim \sum \left[ (-)^{v+1} \frac{2p+1}{2iv} d-s \right] \end{aligned}$$



# LIST CONTROVERSY RAGES ON

**A**lthough we anticipated some debate when we published our list of the MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst Albums of the Twentieth Century on our website last month, we were unprepared for the storm of furious responses that our selections generated. "An outrage!" read a missive from a former subscriber, while an irate music industry insider wrote to inform us that "It really sucked!" Sifting through the stacks of profanity-laced letters and multiple megabytes of obscene e-mail that we received, it was obvious that our humble index had struck a nerve.

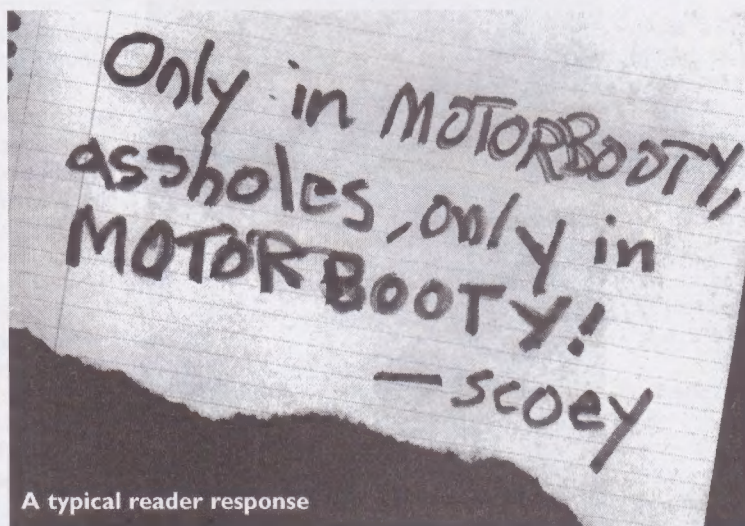
Perhaps we should have been warned of the possible consequences of our tally by the rancor it caused amongst our own editorial board as we winnowed the roster. Two editors even came to blows, and in the end one of our staffers completely severed his ties to MOTORBOOTY (and our lucrative health benefits package). The feeling of ill will ultimately caused an extra delay in the normally punctual publication schedule of this magazine.

Our original goal was simple: to initiate a dialogue about the truly wretched albums that have plagued humanity for the last century. As a new millenium approaches, we figured it was high time to rank the rankest moments of contemporary musical history. Each member of our advisory committee compiled a list of their choices for the most atrocious releases of the past hundred years, rated on a variety of criteria which included the degree of sonic discomfort caused by listening to the record, the relative derivativeness of the artist's originality, the ratio by which the artist's popularity inversely relates to their lack of musical ability, the extent to which critical response exceeds the work's quality, and the cumulative vapidness of the artist's creative endeavors. The individual lists were then pooled and the numbers crunched using a formula created by statisticians at the Lawrence Institute of Technology to form what we feel is the definitive list of records to avoid.

Soon after our roll call of shame was posted, our online forum was inundated with

vehement protests over everything from our methods to our ancestry. Some readers quibbled with the content, while others went to the trouble of making their own alternative lists. As we go to press, we've learned that our list has even topped *List Magazine's* "100 Worst Lists of the Century" list.

What follows is a typical day's selection of comments from the MOTORBOOTY mailbox:



A typical reader response

What do you guys like?

—Barb Dwyer, Kitchener, ON

How typical! Your list focuses on major label artists and corporate-owned pseudo "indie" labels. Even in an assessment of the worst, true independent artists continue to be overlooked. Just because an artist doesn't have the financial means to get his record heard by millions of people doesn't mean it doesn't suck as bad as Styx. Fuck you, you sellout cynics.

—Huntington Woods III, Kenilworth, IL

Leave it to a bunch of overeducated white male upper-middle-class snobs to come up with a list this slanted and narrow. What about women? What about minorities? I suppose there's no room in your little patriarchal treefort for the likes of Ani DiFranco or Selena, is there? Why don't you grow up and realize that women have the same right to be on this list as men do?

—medeablitz@grrrl.net

I couldn't agree with medeablitz more! For the rest of you that feel the same, check out the list that students at Barnard College came up with—it's a lot more estrogen-friendly than MOTORBOOTY's small-minded circle jerk! Everybody from the Lilith Fair is on it!

—LauraNorder@earthlink.net

What's the point of having a list of the worst of the century if most of these bozos are from the last 25 years? Maybe if you'd done your research then Rudy Vallee and Paul Whiteman would be on your list, instead of the few lousy bands you've heard of. For shame!

—Dan Numont, Carson, CA

Well done! I agreed with all your choices except the Mighty Mighty Bosstones' *Question the Answers*, which is truly a masterpiece and if you don't like it you're human garbage.

—porkpie@dotcom.com

I was so offended by your wildly inaccurate list that I posted my own list of the 100 worst albums of the century, which consists of everything Frank Zappa ever did. You can check it out at my webpage at <http://www.zappa/harenet.net>.

—jeremy@harenet.net

Idiots! Have you never heard of folk or country or bluegrass or jazz or fusion or disco or swing or ska? How can you even pretend to publish a list of the worst albums without representing any other deserving genres of music? Maybe you should have called it "The MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst Albums for Boring Dolts Who Only Listen to Rock List." I hate you.

—che@harvard.edu

Replacements, Replacements, Replacements! Where are the goddamn Replacements and Soul Asylum and Jayhawks and every other shitty band that came from Minneapolis? Hüsker Dü was just the tip of the iceberg.

—Henry Michaels, Chicago, IL



# LOOSE BOOTY

As an African-American, I couldn't help but notice that there were only five artists of color on your "list," and that the genres of rap, R&B, and disco were woefully underrepresented. Do you mean to imply that the negative achievements of African-Americans are somehow less deserving of your derision than those of their white counterparts? Your token inclusion of these performers only serves to highlight your ignorance of the contributions that African-Americans have made to our culture.

—Kareem Brulé, Cambridge, MA

Why isn't there any fucking Garth Brooks on here? I fucking hate fucking country.

—Beau\_Rhing@cnn.com

While I agree that the music on your list is not fit for human consumption, I find fault with its emphasis on records that are of less than recent vintage. How could you ignore the staggering number of horrible albums that have come out in the last year alone?

—guy@elektrarecords.com

Hey jerks—didn't you realize that Metallica's *Garage Days Revisited* isn't even an album, it's an E-fucking-P? I should have expected as much from anyone stupid enough to live in Detroit.

—beezer@compuserve.net

You guys are all wet. #26 was a way shittier record than #2. Get a clue.

—crose@pbs.org

Pearl Jam's *Ten*? That record changed my life, assholes. You motherfuckers should have put *Vs.* on your list instead—it's a pile of shit.

—hevvyveda@igc.org

I think you guys made a mistake and accidentally put "Worst" in the title of your list. All of these records kick ass.

—Franz Lyst, Rheinlander, WI

Fuck you! I'm gonna buy two dozen copies of *Goo* in protest of your shitty fuckin' list, just to spite you.

—hobiwan@rust.net

What's wrong with you people? *Exile in Guyville* is way worse than *The Grand Illusion*. Play the two of them back to back one more time and I'm sure you'll agree.

—nubby2@wwnet.com

I suppose that the fact that your magazine sucks shit makes you the ultimate authority on what sucks.

—tdylan@fezine.com

Your list stinks. If I was a big tough guy who lived in your town instead of a short fat jerk at a computer halfway across the country, I'd kick your ass.

—elihu@yahoo.com

Just who was on the board that selected these albums? A bunch of cowardly, aging, boring, go-nowhere nihilists, if you ask me. I guess it's easier for you to sit back and say everything's bad than to take a chance and like something, isn't it? Why don't you have some guts for a change and endorse a record like the Silver Jews or Shellac?

—dkonjest@prodigy.net



**Readers: pissed**

It figures that you dinosaurs would only include old rock records in your lame little list and totally ignore anything electronic, which is going to be the preeminent bad music of the future. IMHO your time is OVER, Mr. Tightpants, so step aside. :(

—gizmo@msn.com

Where's the jazz? How could you do a list of crummy albums and leave off sonic high colonics like Kenny G and Spyro Gyra?

—arwulf@ameritech.net

Why isn't there any George Carlin on this list? *Class Clown* is one of my favorite records of all time!

—Rick O'Shea, Natick, MA

The Mount Rushmore of mediocrity is almost totally unrepresented: Eric Clapton, Dire Straits, Stevie Winwood, and Sting. What gives? These guys are way shittier than Grand Funk or Uriah Heep.

—baboond@hotmail.com

I'm a clerk at a Cocomnuts at the mall, and we've sold like 24 copies of *Goo* since you published your stupid list. Now we can't keep it in stock. Thanks.

—baise@cocomnuts.com

On the alt.lists.rock newsgroup today there was a discussion of your list, and someone posted that some record companies are putting stickers on albums that say "As Not Featured on the MOTORBOOTY 100 Worst List." Just thought you'd like to know.

—apington@aol.com

Dear Sirs,

I accidentally stumbled upon your site the other day while doing an Internet search for "motorboats" and it was with great astonishment that I read your "100 Worst Albums" list.

At first I was taken aback by the sheer audacity of the concept. I mean, how can anyone claim to be the ultimate authority on whether something of an aesthetic (and therefore highly subjective) nature is good or bad? This, combined with the fact that I actually owned more than half the records on your list, put me in a skeptical, if not hostile, state of mind.

However, after going over your list with a colleague of mine in the transformative hermeneutics department, we decided to analyze your equation, but no matter how hard we tried we could find no fault with it whatsoever. This came as quite a shock to me and I immediately went back to my record collection and began to reevaluate.

Halfway through "A Day in the Life" it all became astonishingly clear. You were right! This music sucks! What was I thinking? How could I have been so wrong? I thought of my entire adolescence and how I had so frivolously wasted it on bad music and cheap domestic beer! I thought of how my allegiance to these records shaped my social circle and how their hackneyed, clichéd lyrics actually influenced the choices I made in my life.

What a fool I've been! First it was that Bread album, then it was college, then grad school, then my marriage (what a sham!), my children (if only I'd listened to them more)...All of it wrong, so very wrong. And now it's simply too late. There's no way for me to recapture my lost youth, no way to undo all the hurt I've caused. You folks have helped me to see that my whole life has been a lie, and now it's time for me to put an end to all this foolishness.

Goodbye, cruel world (yes, I was an Elvis Costello fan too),

—Jay Walker, PhD, Palo Alto, CA



# PUNK: UNDEAD

## HARDCORE REENACTORS EMBRACE THE PAST IMPERFECT

**F**uckin' A," moans a battered, middle-aged punk rocker who's splayed out on the sidewalk outside Prentis Hall at Detroit's Wayne State University, "Why do I have to keep playing Itchy?" While a three-chord hardcore band thrashes away inside, the spiky-haired fan wipes his bloody nose on the sleeve of a tattered oxford shirt with "Cash For Chaos" spraypainted on the back, glares at the bouncer who's just tossed him from the venue, and mutters to no one in particular, "He's always too fucked up to see straight by the time Negative Approach comes on."

Greg McCormick isn't your ordinary loser ejected from a punk club, however. In fact, he's not drunk, he's not actually "Itchy," and the show he's been kicked out of isn't even a real concert. No, McCormick, along with the bouncer, the band, and everyone else inside the auditorium, are attempting to restage, as meticulously and accurately as possible, a hardcore punk gig that originally took place in early 1982.

Called, appropriately enough, "hardcore reenactments," these events represent a strange new phenomena that's sweeping across the country. Part costume ball, part *Beatlemania!*, part punk passion-play, these elaborate rituals are taking counterculture nostalgia to its logical conclusion. By recreating concerts, notable incidents, and even entire tours from the hardcore era, hardcore reenactors—much like their spiritual compatriots in the Civil War reenactment movement—try to make themselves feel as if they're actually living in the past. "You know," says Keller Ayteal, a devoted participant in the Detroit-area scene, "they just don't make unintelligible high-velocity thrash like they used to."

In a quest for authenticity, reenactors seek out period instruments and clothing, study old fanzines, flyers, and set lists, and interview surviving scenesters. Indeed, for many of the participants, reenacting has become a lifestyle unto itself. The most hardcore of the hardcore reenactors even try to remain in character at all times, copying the bizarre haircuts, mannerisms, and odors of the scenesters they're portraying—some to the point of losing their jobs and moving back home to live with their parents.

In their zealous pursuit of the intense sensation that devotees call "period rush," hardcore hardcore-reenactors take a dim view of less-dedicated participants, whom they

label "aips" (for "anachronistically inaccurate poseurs"). "I spent three weeks getting ready for the 10/22/82 Misfits/Necros/Void/GI show," attests a young man calling himself "Springa." "I listened to the *Process of Elimination 7*" non-stop, read nothing but *Smegma Journal* and *The Partyin' Press*, and soaked my clothes in cat urine. Then when I show up the aip playing Jerry Only is wearing a beeper and a Samhain t-shirt!"



Such transgressions are not taken lightly by the faithful. Unlike Civil War reenactors, who stop short of the atrocity of actual killing, hardcore reenactors fully recreate their fabled events slam for slam. Goatees, piercings, and modern slang are forbidden, and each event is policed by scene historians, who ensure that all attendees wear the proper band t-shirts and other era-appropriate accessories.

At a recent Detroit "gig," for example, items confiscated from the crowd included compact discs, a pair of Nike Air Jordans, a Green Day sticker, and snack foods like Sun Chips and Fruitopia; meanwhile, the reenactor impersonating Meatmen frontman Tesco Vee was deemed "too short," the fellow portraying Necros' guitarist Andy Wendler was "too punk," and the guy playing L-Seven singer Larissa Stolarchuk was "too feminine." Penalties for such infractions can be severe, ranging from simple ejection to a "role

demotion" requiring the guilty party to portray a poseur wearing a dog collar and Izod shirt. Repeat offenders risk complete expulsion from the scene, a practice known as being "banned in D.C." even when the city involved is actually Milwaukee or Toledo.

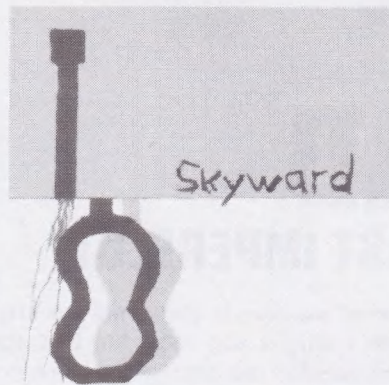
Despite such harsh restrictions, the number of reenactors is growing rapidly; in fact, the reenactment scene is already larger than the original hardcore subculture that inspired it. Detroit's legendary Freezer Theater, for example, only held 200 attendees; in contrast, a recent reenactment of the Misfits/Necros/Negative Approach/Meatmen 4/8/82 show drew over 5000 people. Not surprisingly, the popularity of the reenactment scene has begun to alienate some of the pioneers who first strapped on guitars and began imitating their idols note-for-note. "I've been into this shit since Day One," sneers Detroit scene stalwart Pat Pend. "Where were all these bandwagon jumpers three years ago when we were doing Flipper live at the Second Chance 3/15/81 in Doug Abuse's basement?"

Indeed, dozens of different cities now have their own distinct scenes, connected by newsletters, conferences, and the Internet. According to Maura Bund, publisher of a reenactment zine called *Salad Days*, more than a dozen groups vie to best portray Black Flag, but none of them have nailed it quite right. "Ken Moore's Henry Rollins sings too well, while Steven Edie's Rollins is really just a copy of Phil Anselmo's Rollins."

Perhaps the most ambitious event in the reenactment repertoire is Fear's 10/31/81 appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, including the chaotic slam-dancing and subsequent "riot." "It's the Gettysburg of the reenactment world," explains Skip Schuul, who choreographed a recent staging. "Besides the people playing the band and all the stage divers, you need to have cameramen, stage crew, and a studio audience, to say nothing of stand-ins for the *SNL* cast. You wouldn't believe some of the people who try to pass themselves off as John Belushi."

Although tonight's Prentis Hall production is a far less extravagant affair, the participants are no less passionate. From teenage wannabes to aging weekend warriors like the aforementioned McCormick, the reenactors have left behind the present for a purer, "punker" past. "My old man says I'm behind the times, but I don't care," asserts McCormick. "I guess I'm just out of step with the world."





The lightbulb tattoo atop Joe Skyward's head must be glowing brightly right about now. Skyward, formerly the bassist for Sky Cries Mary and the Posies, is the mastermind behind the record *Skyward*, a labor of love heralding the existence of Skyward, the col-

lective. The CD is full of interest from the outset, from the unusual and appealing music to the people involved in its creation. Not only does it feature dozens of musicians from acclaimed bands (such as the Geraldine Fibbers, 7 Year Bitch, the Billy Tipton Memorial Saxophone Quartet), but it's also heavy on the family tip. His son Jaxin reads his homework lines like a champ on one song, and his 14-year-old daughter, Brette Howard, contributes her tender vocals to much of the rest. What's particularly interesting (in a good way) about Howard's voice is that even when she's singing adult lyrics ("It always seems you gave me gratified replies" leaps to mind), she sounds like a 14-year-old. A talented teen to be sure, but not one who's seen everything already. While Skyward masterfully plays guitar, bass, organ, and other instruments, and handles much of the songwriting, he's also assembled a top-notch supporting crew. The results are eclectic—alt-pop, funk, prog rock, acid jazz, country, and then some, sometimes all in the same song. "Such a Small Room," starts out languid, speeds up momentarily, then slows down again, with Joe and Brette trading off vocal duties. Brette's high, soft voice is the perfect complement to Joe's effects-enhanced mellowness. Brette really proves her mettle on "Sundial," which starts out almost as a dirge, with a languorous cello setting the mood, but the heaviness is tempered by Brette's sunny voice. Like a young Kate Bush, she really experiments with her singing on this one, at times taking nary a breath, to amazing effect. Then there are the guest singers. "Position Fatal," featuring Aimee Page on vocals, is a showstopper—melodic, weary, and haunting. Roderick Romero of Sky Cries Mary lends his words and voice to the Eastern-flavored "Pay to Pray." His ghostly vocals work well with the exotic instruments involved, and the words in typical Roderick fashion, take a while to sink in, but beware when they do. The spoken-word piece by Helen Stout elicits a confounded "Whew!"; this strangely hypnotic number is definitely not a typical rock offering. Then again, that could be said of the whole disc. The breezy, tripped-out extended jam of the final song, "Taxi de L'espace," finishes, and suddenly it's over...and it'd be a shame to let it end like this. Though originally conceived as a "one time only" deal, here's hoping there's more Skyward to come.

—Kathy Mar

**SEATTLEWEEKLY**  
May 21, 1998



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# the Bohemian-Americans



Long overdue, here is the first thorough examination of one of society's most influential but least understood ethnic groups, the Bohemian-Americans. Noted scholars Vito Brevis and Artis Long

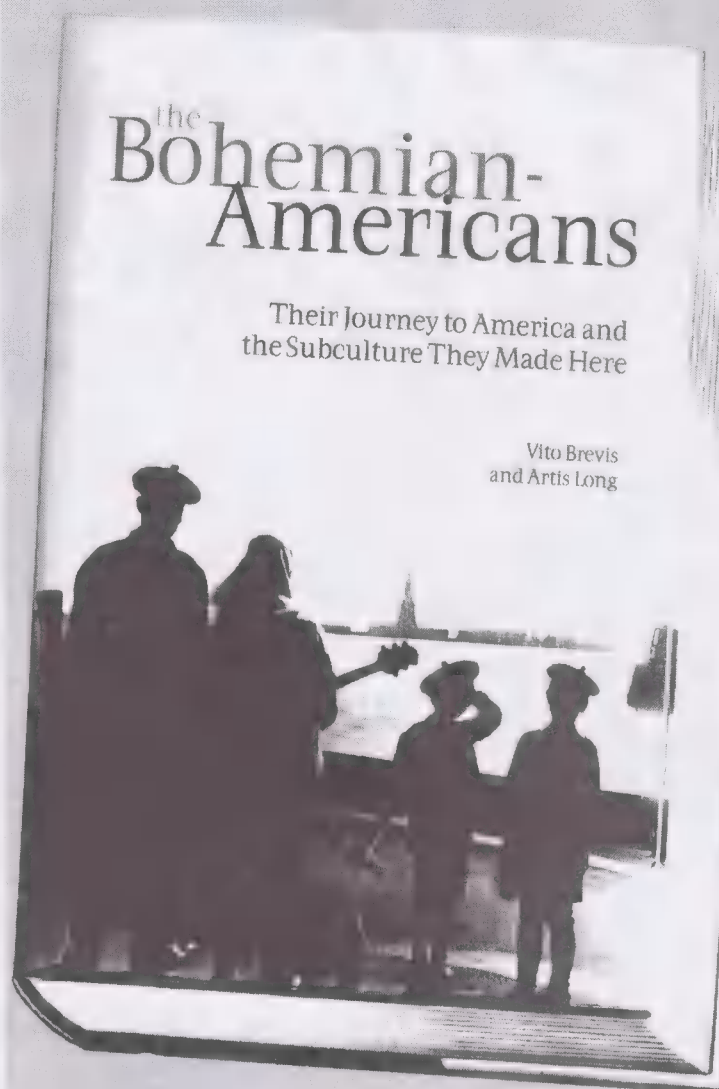
have written an epic work that reveals how a small group of free-thinking, free-loving immigrants escaped the poverty-stricken cafés and opium dens of Europe for a new life in the gentrifying neighborhoods of America's glamorous cities. Courageously throwing off the yoke of conventional responsibilities, they chose to keep their hands unsoiled by labor, boldly exploring forbidden neighborhoods and colonizing the urban frontier. These brave souls struggled mightily against critics and landlords as they fought to preserve their strange customs and build their own little world.



*The Bohemian-Americans* is a social history of remarkable scope that will transport readers from the tenements of New York's Lower East Side all the way to the tenements of New York's Lower East Side. This massive volume

knits together the stories of thousands of individuals, taking you to their cramped coffeehouses and spacious lofts, their open poetry readings and exclusive gallery openings, their teeming thrift stores and overpriced boutiques. A riveting chronicle of how the peculiar practices and outlandish get-ups of a tenacious minority irrevocably changed this country and the way we market ourselves, *The Bohemian-Americans* is the saga of a people who ultimately overcame prejudice, indifference, and poor hygiene to become the most powerful icons in American popular culture.

This is their story.



## ADVANCE PRAISE FOR *THE BOHEMIAN-AMERICANS*

**"Impressive scholarship...Offers a different perspective on people who don't work for a living."**

—*Boston Globe*

**"A real eye-opener...We always thought the Bohemians were good for nothing, but Brevis and Long's research proves otherwise."**

—*Chicago Tribune*

**"If only the people portrayed in these pages had done one-tenth the work the authors did in writing this copiously researched book, they might actually have accomplished something."**

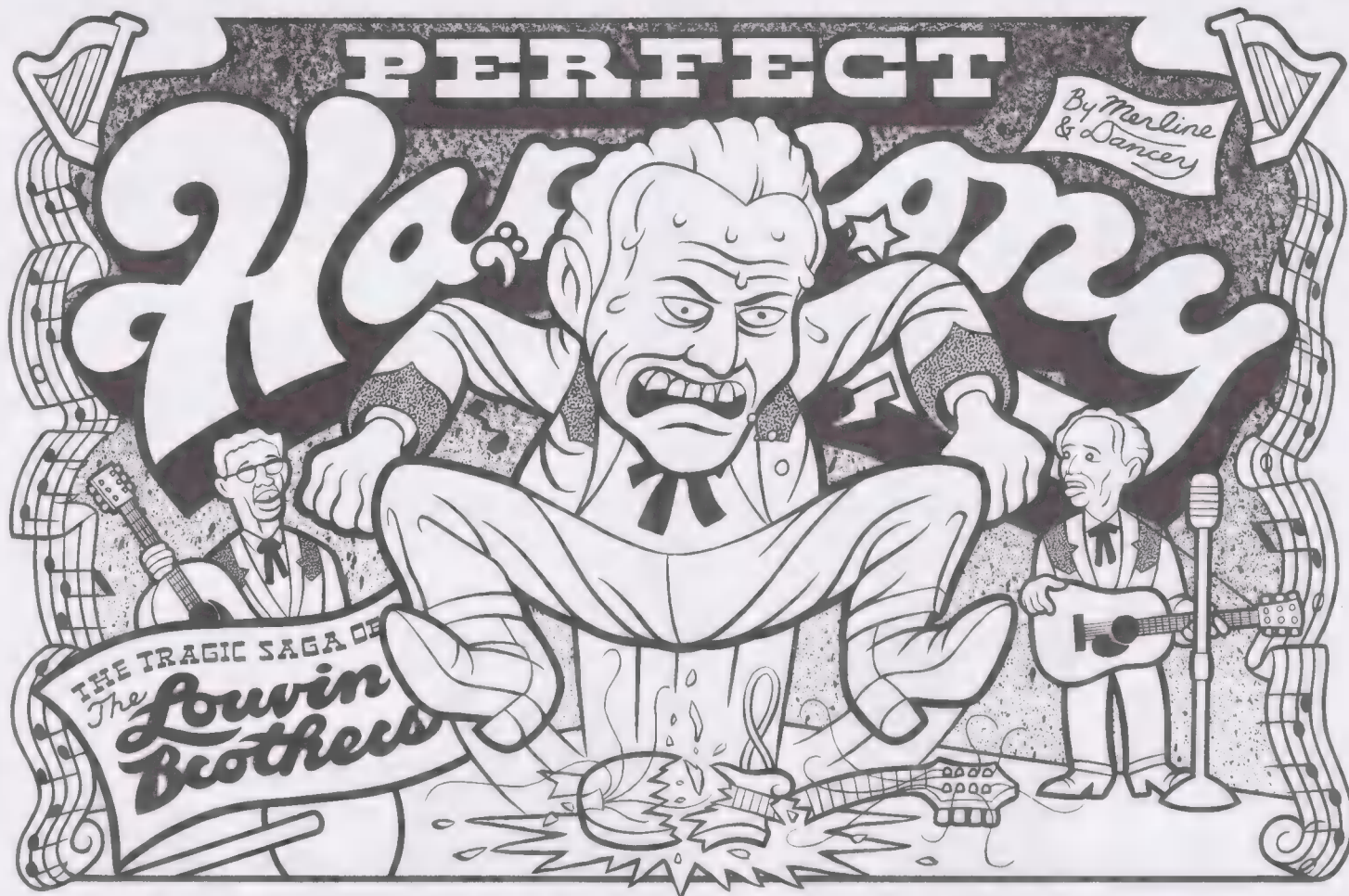
—*Wall Street Journal*



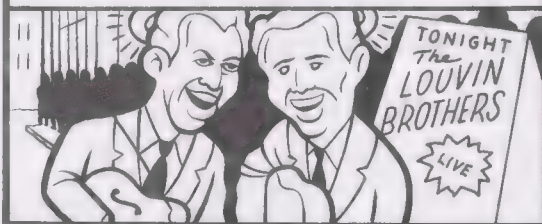
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CHARLIE AND IRA LOUVIN WERE ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR DUOS IN COUNTRY MUSIC HISTORY. THEIR INTRICATE HARMONIZING — WHICH HAD IRA'S HIGH-PITCHED, ALMOST EFFEMINATE FALSETTO AND CHARLIE'S SYRUPY TENOR TRADING BACK AND FORTH ON LEAD — ALONG WITH IRA'S LIGHTNING-FAST MANDOLIN SOLOS AND A STRING OF HITS THAT INCLUDED "YOU'RE RUNNING WILD" AND "CASH ON THE BARRELHEAD," MADE THEM THE TOAST OF THE GRAND OLE OPRY IN THE 1950S.

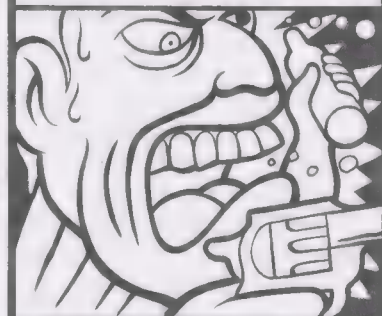


RAISED IN A DEVOUTLY RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY AND INTRODUCED TO MUSIC THROUGH THE "SACRED HARP" TRADITION, THE LOUVINS WERE PRIMARILY A GOSPEL ACT.

THAT WORD 'BROAD-MINDED' IS SPELLED 'S-I-N'



HOWEVER, THE LOUVIN BROTHERS' CAREER WAS ANYTHING BUT RIGHTEOUS, THANKS TO THE WILDLY UNSTABLE PERSONALITY OF IRA LOUVIN.



BORN IRA LONNIE (1924) AND CHARLES ELZER (1927) LOUDERMILK IN HENAGAR, ALABAMA, THE BROTHERS' ONLY FORMAL MUSICAL TRAINING CAME WHEN THEIR FATHER, COLONEL (HIS NAME, NOT HIS RANK) LOUDERMILK GAVE THEM \$12 FOR SINGING SCHOOL.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE BOYS, MR. LOUDERMILK SOON DISCOVERED THEIR TRUANCY AND DECIDED TO TEACH THEM A LESSON OF HIS OWN.

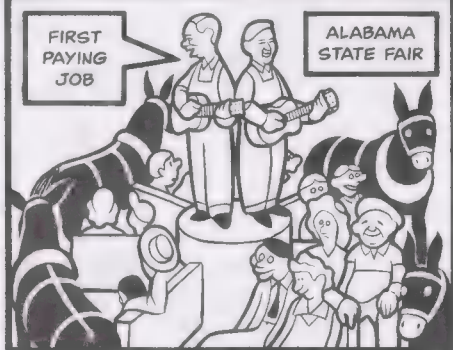


NEVERTHELESS, HE ENCOURAGED HIS SONS TO PERFORM FOR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, DESPITE THE BOYS' DEBILITATING BASHFULNESS.





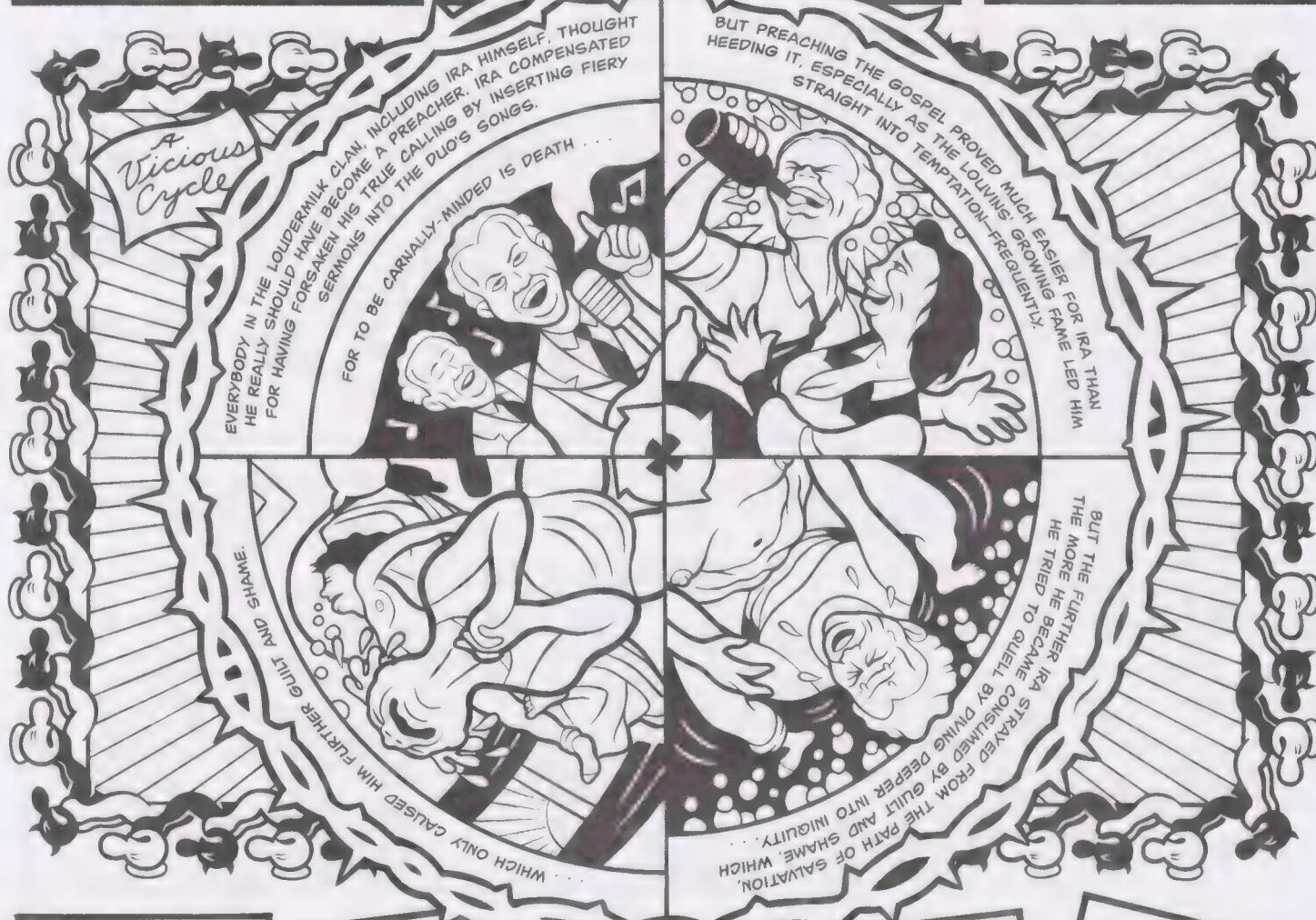
ONCE THE BROTHERS OVERCAME THEIR STAGE FRIGHT, THEY BEGAN TO MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE LOCAL CONCERT CIRCUIT.



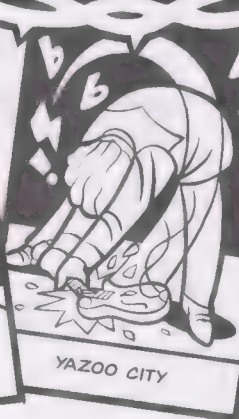
TIRED OF PEOPLE MAKING FUN OF THEIR LAST NAME, THE PAIR DUBBED THEMSELVES THE LOUVIN BROTHERS (LOUVIN BEING THE MIDDLE NAME OF ONE OF THEIR RELATIVES) AND QUICKLY LANDED A PRIME SLOT ON A MEMPHIS RADIO STATION. THE POPULARITY OF THEIR SHOW, ALONG WITH THEIR RELENTLESS TOURING, SOON GARNERED THEM A DEAL WITH CAPITOL RECORDS.



BUT NO SOONER HAD THE LOUVINS' CAREER TAKEN WING THAN IRA'S DEMONS BEGAN TO BATTLE FOR HIS SOUL.



WITH A STRING OF HIT RECORDS UNDER THEIR BELTS, THE LOUVINS PLAYED EVERY BARN DANCE, CAKE WALK, AND HONKY TONK IN DIXIE. THEIR PERFORMANCES WERE OFTEN MARRIED BY IRA'S VIOLENT TANTRUMS, HOWEVER, WHICH WOULD EVENTUALLY CULMINATE IN AN ACT THAT WOULD INSPIRE THE ROCK THEATRICS OF FUTURE GENERATIONS.

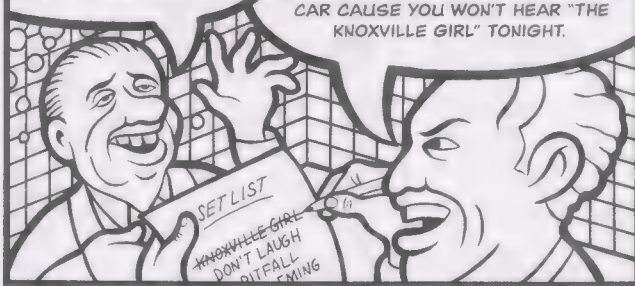




SOON IRA'S FOUL TEMPER WAS AFFECTING EVERY ASPECT OF THE LOUVINS' CAREER.

BY GOD, I'VE DROVE 400 MILES TO HEAR "THE KNOXVILLE GIRL."

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, FRIEND; IF YOU'RE THAT DAMN STUPID YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK IN YOUR CAR CAUSE YOU WON'T HEAR "THE KNOXVILLE GIRL" TONIGHT.



"THE KNOXVILLE GIRL!"  
"THE KNOXVILLE GIRL!"



IRA'S IRASCIBILITY MAY EVEN HAVE COST THE LOUVINS THEIR BEST CHANCE AT FAME. WHILE ON TOUR WITH A YOUNG ELVIS PRESLEY, WHO WAS AMONG THE LOUVINS' BIGGEST FANS, A JAM SESSION WENT SERIOUSLY AWRY AND CAUSED THE LOUVINS TO BE KICKED OFF THE TOUR.

I WENT DOWN TO THE RIVER OF JORDAN

BOY, THIS IS MY FAVORITE MUSIC.



WHY, YOU WHITE NIGGER, IF THAT'S YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC, WHY DON'T YOU DO THAT OUT YONDER? WHY DO YOU DO THAT NIGGER TRASH OUT THERE?



BEFORE LONG, IRA'S UNCONTROLLABLE DRINKING, WOMANIZING, AND VIOLENT TEMPER BEGAN TO JEOPARDIZE HIS PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS.

FAYE—  
WIFE #3

SHE'S GOT A KNIFE AND SHE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!



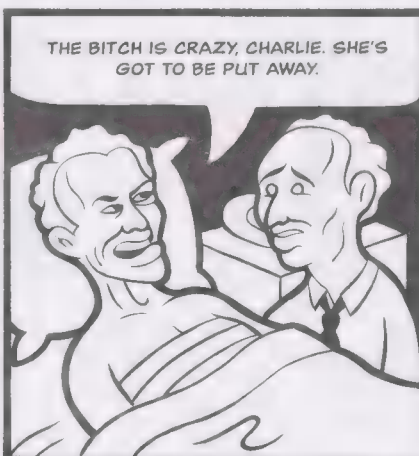
HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!



IF THE SON OF A BITCH DON'T DIE, I'LL SHOOT HIM AGAIN!



THE BITCH IS CRAZY, CHARLIE. SHE'S GOT TO BE PUT AWAY.



NO SOONER WAS FAYE RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL THAN CHARLIE DID AS HIS BROTHER HAD REQUESTED.



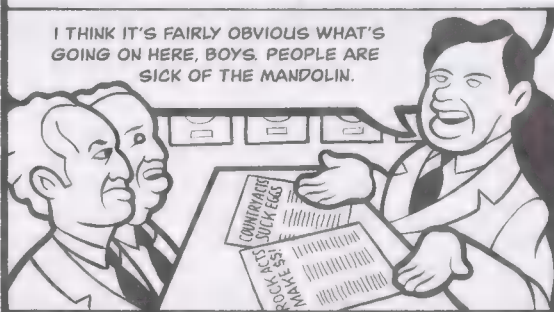
IT WAS ONLY AFTER FELLOW COUNTRY SINGER ROY ACUFF MADE A PLEA TO THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA THAT SHE WAS FINALLY RELEASED.



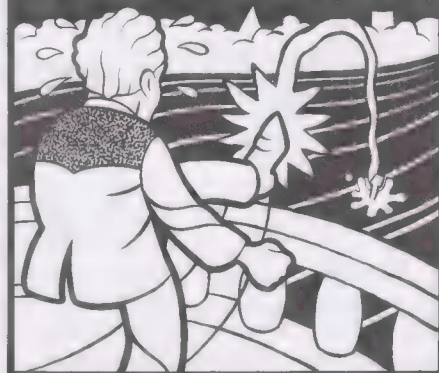
BY THE LATE '50S, COUNTRY ACTS BEGAN TO TAKE A BACKSEAT TO ROCK GROUPS LIKE THE EVERLY BROTHERS, WHO BASICALLY COPIED THE LOUVINS' STYLE TO THE LETTER.



AS SALES OF LOUVIN BROTHERS LPs BEGAN TO SLOW, CAPITOL RECORDS EXEC KEN NELSON, APPARENTLY IGNORANT OF THE GROWING POPULARITY OF ROCK, GAVE THE LOUVINS HIS THEORY ON WHY THEIR CAREER WAS BEGINNING TO SAG.



TAKING THIS ADVICE TO HEART, IRA SWORE OFF THE MANDOLIN FOR GOOD.



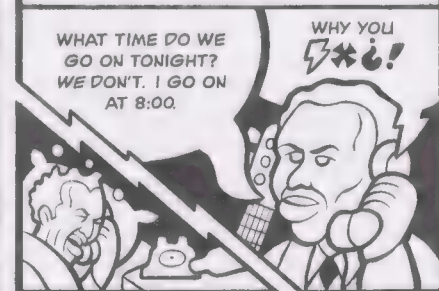
IN AN ATTEMPT TO SALVAGE THEIR FLAGGING CAREER, IRA TOOK A STAB AT WRITING A ROCK NUMBER. THE RESULTING SONG, "THE STAGGER," FAILED TO CATCH ON WITH THE KIDS, DESPITE THE INSPIRED DANCE WHICH IRA DEvised TO HELP PROMOTE THE TUNE.



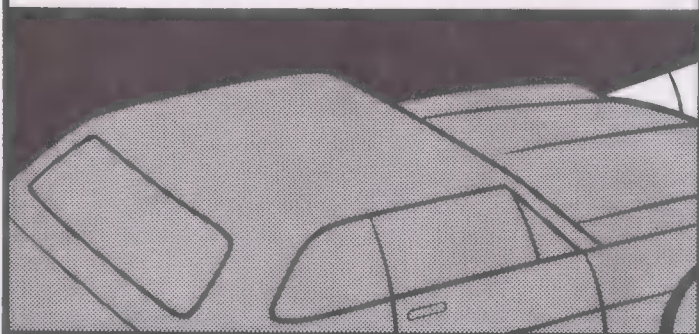
IN THE ENSUING YEARS, IRA FREQUENTLY THREATENED TO QUIT, BUT NEVER ACTUALLY FOLLOWED THROUGH ON HIS DECLARATIONS. BY AUGUST 1963, THOUGH, CHARLIE DECIDED HE'D FINALLY HAD ENOUGH.



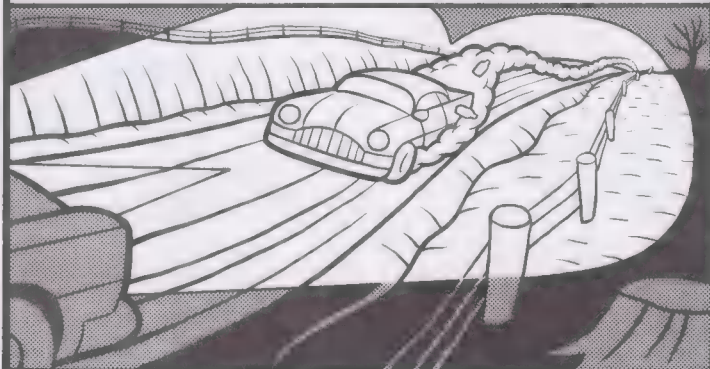
A WEEK LATER, HOWEVER, IRA CALLED UP CHARLIE AS IF THE CONVERSATION HAD NEVER HAPPENED, ONLY TO FIND THAT CHARLIE HAD ALREADY EMBARKED ON HIS SOLO CAREER, WHICH CONTINUES TO THIS DAY.



FIGURING IT WAS TIME TO SETTLE DOWN, IRA REMARRIED, SOLD HIS NUDIE SUITS, AND TOOK A JOB IN AN INSTRUMENT REPAIR SHOP. BEFORE LONG HE GREW RESTLESS, AND INEVITABLY RETURNED TO THE MUSIC BUSINESS.



IN 1964 HE RELEASED HIS FIRST AND ONLY SOLO ALBUM—THE UNFORGETTABLE IRA LOUVIN—AND ONCE AGAIN HIT THE ROAD.



BUT ON JUNE 20, 1965, IRA WAS KILLED IN A CAR WRECK ON HIS WAY HOME FROM A CONCERT IN KANSAS CITY. IRONICALLY, THIS TIME IT WAS THE OTHER DRIVER WHO WAS DRUNK.



TEN YEARS LATER

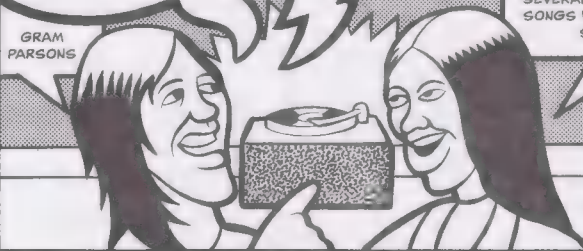
LISTEN TO THIS, EMMYLOU, I THINK WE SHOULD RECORD THIS SONG.

GRAM PARSONS

OTHERS TAKE PLEASURE IN THINGS I DESPISE/ I LIKE THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THIS IS AMAZING! WHO'S THAT GIRL SINGING?

EMMYLOU HARRIS, WHOSE RENDITIONS OF SEVERAL LOUVIN BROTHERS SONGS WOULD MAKE HER A SUPERSTAR.



IRA LOUVERMILK 1924-1965





# the **MOTORBOOTY MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION®**

**If you could have one wish, what would it be?**

**P.O. BOX 02007 Detroit, MI 48202**

**T**he Make-A-Wish Foundation® is a non-profit organization dedicated to granting the special wishes of children who have terminal illnesses. While the foundation's intentions may be noble, the wishes it grants are often predictably wholesome and mundane, ranging from trips to the Magic Kingdom to visits with Magic Johnson. In the end, the foundation simply provides free PR for the Walt Disney Corporation and easy community service credit for wayward professional athletes.

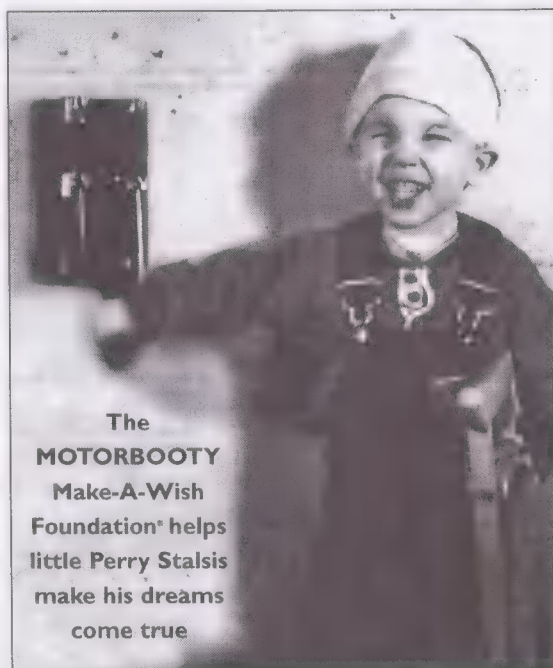
We here at MOTORBOOTY realize that most people's unfulfilled dreams are usually a bit more complex and challenging than a free ride on Space Mountain. In fact, quite often a person's answer to the question "If you could

have one wish, what would it be?" may involve activities that are dangerous, degenerate, or downright illegal. We created the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® to help grant those wishes that may be too "difficult," "edgy," or "creative" for our more mainstream sister charity.

In just three short years, the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® has already realized the dreams of many deserving youngsters. Lucky recipients of the foundation's philanthropic largesse have been able to fulfill fantasies ranging from starting a forest fire to deporting a British citizen. While we don't perform our good works expecting public acclaim, we'd like to share a few of our favorite stories with you....

Little Carrie O'Kee was sure that her advanced condition would deprive her of one of her greatest pleasures: watching her favorite sitcom *Seinfeld*. When the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® heard of this, we knew the only way to ensure that Carrie would never miss an episode was to have the show taken off the air before Carrie was taken off the Earth. Needless to say, when the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® asked Jerry Seinfeld if he thought \$5 million per episode was worth more than the happiness of a sick child, he made the only logical decision and agreed to pull the plug on the show before doctors pulled the plug on Carrie.

We all know that life can be brutally unfair, but once in a while an opportunity arises that allows us to provide a silver lining for even the darkest cloud. When little Perry Stalsis of Florida wrote to ask why he would be spending his sixth birthday in excruciating pain in a hospital bed while there were convicted murderers spending their sixth year of relative comfort on death row, we immediately saw a chance to balance the ledger. Imagine Perry's delight when we told him that the Florida Department of Corrections had agreed to let him throw the switch on a death row inmate who had just exhausted his last appeal! Even the condemned man was moved by the joy on little Perry's face when the tyke received a last minute call from the governor—not to pardon the prisoner, but to encourage Perry to "strike one for the good guys!"



The  
**MOTORBOOTY  
Make-A-Wish  
Foundation®** helps  
little Perry Stalsis  
make his dreams  
come true

## **In the past, our wish kids have...**

Closed an auto plant  
Robbed a bank  
Bombed an abortion clinic  
Evicted a family on Christmas Eve  
Shot up with Scott Weiland  
Impregnated a teacher  
Clubbed a baby seal  
Stalked and harassed a talk-show host  
Fixed a college basketball game  
Shot guns at school

In the name of fairness, the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® sometimes grants wishes to children whose ailments are less grave. Take, for example, Lance Boyle, whose severe cystic acne was so horribly disfiguring that he knew he would never enjoy the simple pleasure of a woman's company. Once we found out that his dream girl was super-model Tyra Banks, the solution to Lance's problem was obvious. We immediately flew him to New York and got him a front row seat at the Victoria's Secret lingerie show, where he was allowed to watch the entire hour-and-a-half parade of beautiful women with his pants around his ankles, enthusiastically displaying his affection for his favorite model.

These are just some of the happy endings that we've helped to write over the years at the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation®. But bringing dreams like these to life costs money—lots of money—and we can't do it alone. In order to stay in the business of making dreams come true, we need your help. With your tax-deductible contribution, the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® can keep giving the gifts that keep on giving. Why not bring pleasure into the life of someone not as blessed as you, or at least who isn't as inhibited in expressing their deepest desires? Whoever said "you can't always get what you want" just wasn't calling the right people. Your generosity will allow the MOTORBOOTY Make-A-Wish Foundation® to continue providing joy for less-fortunate souls all over the world.







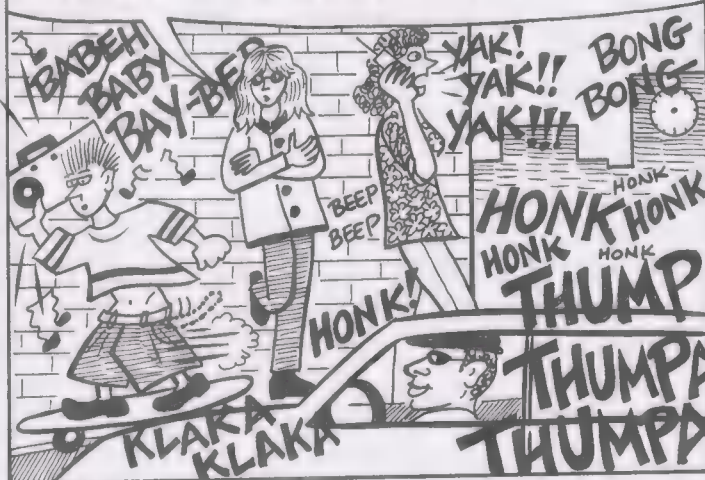
TOO MUCH LOUD MUSIC WRECKS YOUR HEARING, RIGHT? **RIGHT??** WELL, SOME MUSICIANS DON'T PAY IT NO NEVER MIND. **THE FOOLS!** THERE ARE **OTHER** CONSEQUENCES, **OTHER QUIRKS** AND RIGHT THIS **VERY** MOMENT, WITHOUT REALIZING IT, WE ARE **ALL BEING EXPOSED TO...**

# CRACKPOT THEORIES

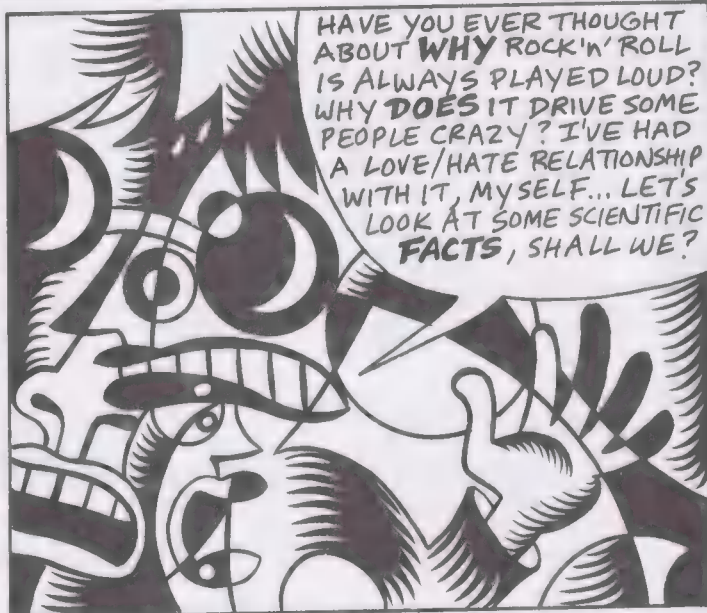
## FREQUENCIES!

by MARY "QUEEN OF THE CRACKPOT THEORIES" FLEENER ©1998

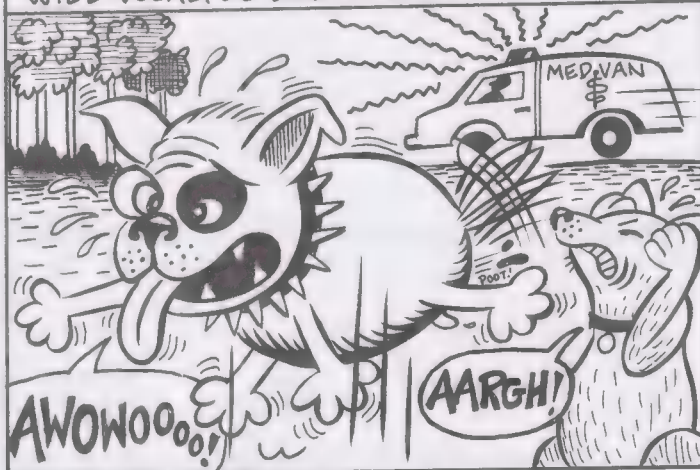
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... "IF IT'S TOO LOUD, YOU'RE TOO OLD." **PLEASE.** ALL I'M SAYIN' IS: **NOISE IS WEIRD**, AND IT CAN AFFECT US IN **BIZARRE** WAYS.



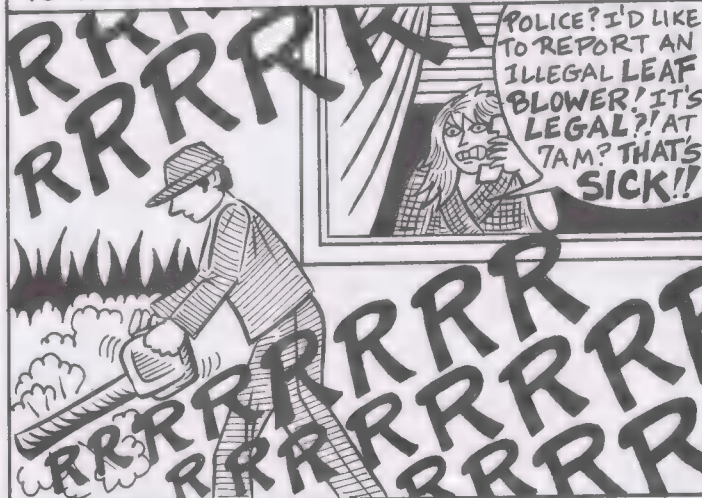
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT **WHY** ROCK'N' ROLL IS ALWAYS PLAYED LOUD? **WHY DOES IT** DRIVE SOME PEOPLE CRAZY? I'VE HAD A LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH IT, MYSELF... LET'S LOOK AT SOME **SCIENTIFIC FACTS**, SHALL WE?



TAKE **DOGS**, FOR EXAMPLE. THEY HEAR WAY ABOVE AND FAR BELOW OUR SOUND SPECTRUM. A SIREN'S WAIL MAKES ANY ANIMAL UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT THE DOG WILL VOCALIZE and HOWL IN PAIN.



HUMAN ANIMALS REPRESS PLEASURE and PAIN AND DON'T HOWL IN POLITE SOCIETY. ("GOOD MANNERS.") AS A RESULT, WE ARE CONDITIONED TO TOLERATE ALL SORTS OF NONSENSE.





WHO CALLS THE COPS WHEN SOME ASSHOLE MOWS HIS LAWN ALL DAY OR SAWS WOOD FOR A WEEK? NOW, IF THE KIDS NEXT DOOR HAVE A **BAND**, NOISE ABATEMENT LAWS BECOME A **BIG DEAL!**

THERE'S A BUNCH A POLICE OUTSIDE!  
HIDE THE PIPE!!

WE SHUT ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!

IF IT'S THAT OLD Fucker, THAT CALLED, I'LL KICK HIS ASS!



AND WHAT DOES THE OLD Fucker HAVE TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS?!!?

THOSE KIDS DIDN'T SHOW ME ANY RESPECT THE FIRST TIME I TALKED TO 'EM! AND THAT **BASS** GOES RAT THROUGH MY WINDOW!!!

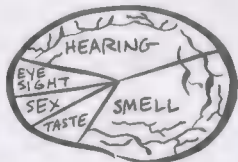
TELL ME SUMTHIN' ELSE... HOW CAN THEY STAND BY THOSE SPEAKERS WITH ALL THAT POUNDIN'?? IT'S CRAZY!

ONLY IN HIS 40S'!

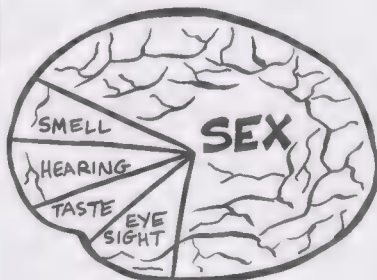


AH-HA! THE **BASS** IS ALWAYS THE CULPRIT! YEP, THOSE **LOW** FREQUENCIES TRAVEL FURTHER THAN **HIGH** ONES AND PENETRATE EVERYTHING. **NOW...** LET'S CHECK OUT THE DIFF BETWEEN **OUR** BRAIN AND THAT OF A **DOG**.

"ALL MEN ARE DOGS"... KIND OF AN INSULT TO THE DOG, ISN'T IT?



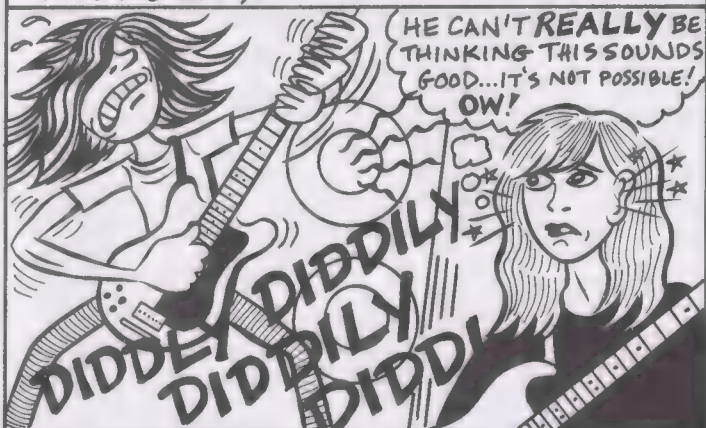
DOG



HUMAN

BACK TO THE OLD Fucker- THAT "POUNDIN'" FEELS GOOD! AS A **BASS** PLAYER, MYSELF, I KNOW YOU CAN **FEEL** THE NOTES AS WELL AS **HEAR** 'EM. LEMME TELL YOU- IF YOU WANNA PLAY IN BANDS, YOU'D BE WISE TO DEVELOP THIS ABILITY.

HE CAN'T REALLY BE THINKING THIS SOUNDS GOOD... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! OW!



I'M NOW CONVINCED THERE ARE **KINKOS** WHO REALLY **ENJOY** THE LOW RUMBLE OF THEIR MECHANICAL TOOLS - MUY MACHO! THIS SUMMER, I GOT TO SHARE THEIR ECSTASY... 7A.M.-7P.M., **EVERY FUCKING DAY...**

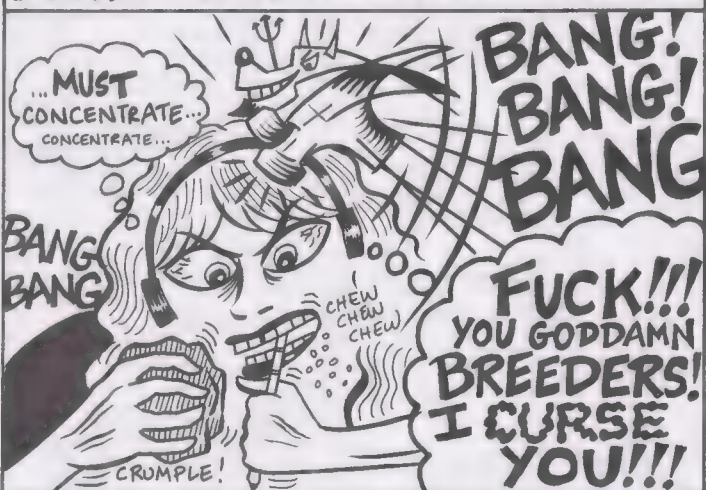
WE'RE SO EXCITED! TEE HEE!

OUR "RE-MOD" WILL TAKE SIX MONTHS. IS THAT OK...? I HOPE...?

SURE! I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU. IT PROBABLY WON'T TAKE THAT LONG!



A "RE-MODEL" BEHIND US AND 4 "SEMI-LUXURY" HOMES IN FRONT. I TRIED EAR PHONES, I TRIED DRUGS. I COULD NOT DRAW I COULDN'T WRITE. CONSTRUCTION- ALL DAY...

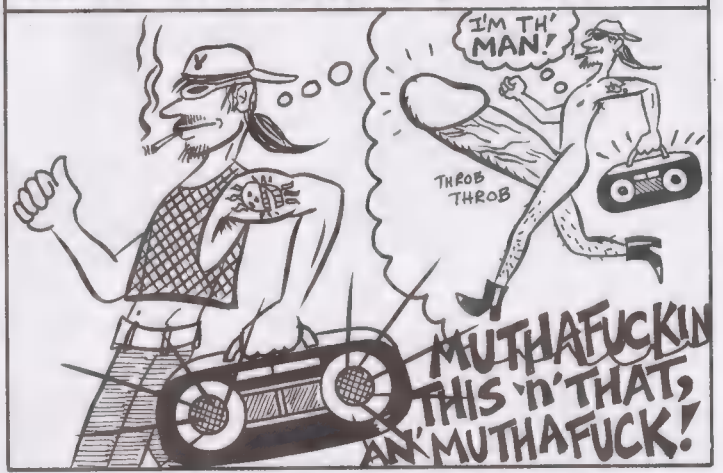




WHY WAS I SUDDENLY STOOPID? THE HIGH WHINE OF SAWS MADE ME FEEL HYPER AND THAT RELENTLESS BASS REVERBERATED MY BONES AND TOTALLY CANCELLED MY INTELLECT.



REMEMBER THE DRAWING OF THE BRAIN? WHEN THE LOW VIBRATIONS HIT YOU "DOWN THERE", IT'S DISTRACTING, CHALLENGING, PROVOCATIVE AND INTIMIDATING. CHECK OUT THE STUD WITH THE GHETTO BLASTER...



AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOTICED HOW PLAYING LOUD ALTERS YOUR TIME REFERENCE? IT SLOWS IT DOWN A LOT. HELL, JUST ASK ANY MUSICIAN'S GIRLFRIEND!!



\*LIMEY-TALK.

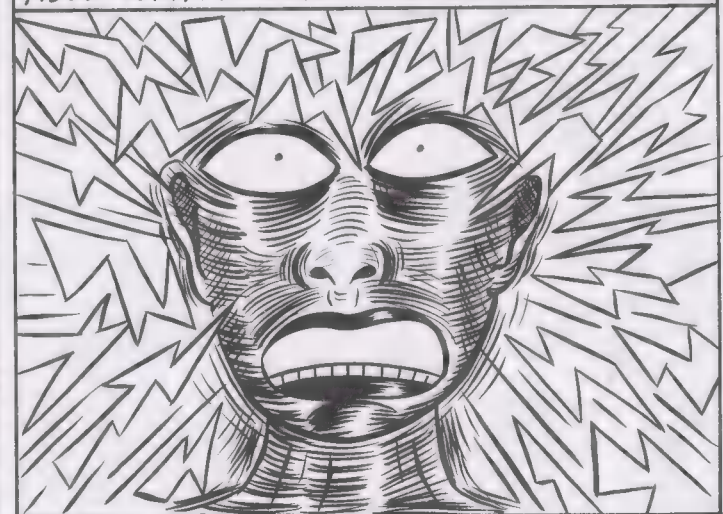
BOOTSIE WAS DETERMINED TO SLAP THAT SPACE BASS AND BEAM US UP TO MOTHERSHIP WITH AN HOUR LONG SOLO. AFTER A WHILE, I COULDN'T TELL WHAT THE FUCK HE WAS DOIN'!



HERE'S A WILD EXAMPLE OF BIO-TUMULTUOIDISM THAT HAPPENED AT A GEORGE CLINTON GIG. BOOTSIE COLLINS WAS A "SPECIAL GUEST"!



IT WAS SO LOUD THE NOTES BECAME A STRANGE BUZZING! AND I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BURIED ALIVE..!





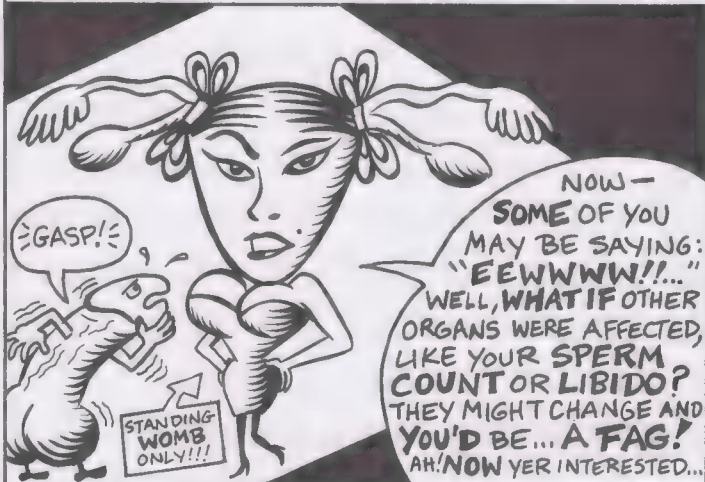
YES, I PANICKED, MOMENTARILY. WHO WOULDN'T? THE CLUB WAS WAY OVER CROWDED and HAD THERE BEEN A FIRE... OH MAN... AS I BEGAN TO SPIN OUT, I REALIZED FAINTING WAS RISKY WITH **THIS** CROWD, SO I SEZ TO MYSELF: "THIS IS LIKE COMING ON TO L.S.D." THAT HELPED A LOT!



MY EARS WERE SHOT, SO I WENT TO THE Ladies Room AND DISCOVERED, TO MY HORROR, THAT I'D STARTED MY **PERIOD**-LIKE **2 WEEKS** AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.

**IT WAS THAT BASS, I TELL YA!!** THE OSCILLATIONS OF BOOTSIE'S BASS SET OFF A LANDSLIDE OF CELLS RIGHT OFF THE **UTERINE RICHTER SCALE!**

**SHIT!!**



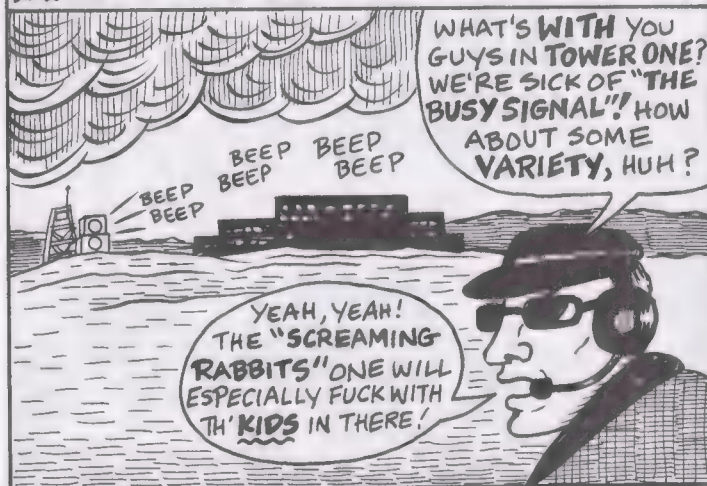
NOW — SOME OF YOU MAY BE SAYING: "EWWW!!..." WELL, WHAT IF OTHER ORGANS WERE AFFECTED, LIKE YOUR **SPERM COUNT** OR **LIBIDO**? THEY MIGHT CHANGE AND YOU'D BE... A **FAG!** AH! NOW YER INTERESTED...



ALL CELLS REACT TO VIBRATION. EXPERIMENTS WITH PLANTS SHOW THAT GROWTH (OR LACK OF) MAY BE DRAMATICALLY AFFECTED BY MUSIC AND SOUND. THINK ABOUT IT: **POWER** OVER A LIVING THING USING JUST...**SOUND!**



IN THE WEEKS PRECEDING THE BRANCH DAVIDIAN MASSACRE IN WACO, TEXAS, FEDS BLASTED THE COMPOUND WITH MEGA-DECIBEL SOUNDS AND MUSIC TO "BREAK" THE CULT PSYCHOLOGICALLY.



UNSUSPECTING INDIVIDUALS, EVEN WHOLE COMMUNITIES HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO MICRO-WAVE AND ELECTROMAGNETIC SIGNALS BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IN THE QUEST FOR MIND CONTROL!



THEY PLAYED THE MOODING OF COWS, TIBETAN CHANTS, DENTIST DRILLS, MITCH MILLER, BUZZING BEES AND NANCY SINATRA'S, "THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING"!!!



HERE'S **10** SONGS THAT'D MAKE ME CRACK!!

- ① "MAXWELL'S SILVER HAMMER" - BEATLES
- ② "STONEY END" - BARBRA STREISAND
- ③ "I AM WOMAN" - HELEN REDDY
- ④ "ZOOT SUIT RIOT" - CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES
- ⑤ "HOT CHILD IN THE CITY" - NICK GILDER
- ⑥ "I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU" - WHITNEY HOUSTON
- ⑦ "BIG YELLOW TAXI" - JONI MITCHELL
- ⑧ "SEX AND CANDY" - MARCY PLAYGROUND
- ⑨ "LUKA" - SUZANNE VEGA
- ⑩ "HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW" - OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

HONORABLE MENTION: ANYTHING BY JEWEL OR RUSH

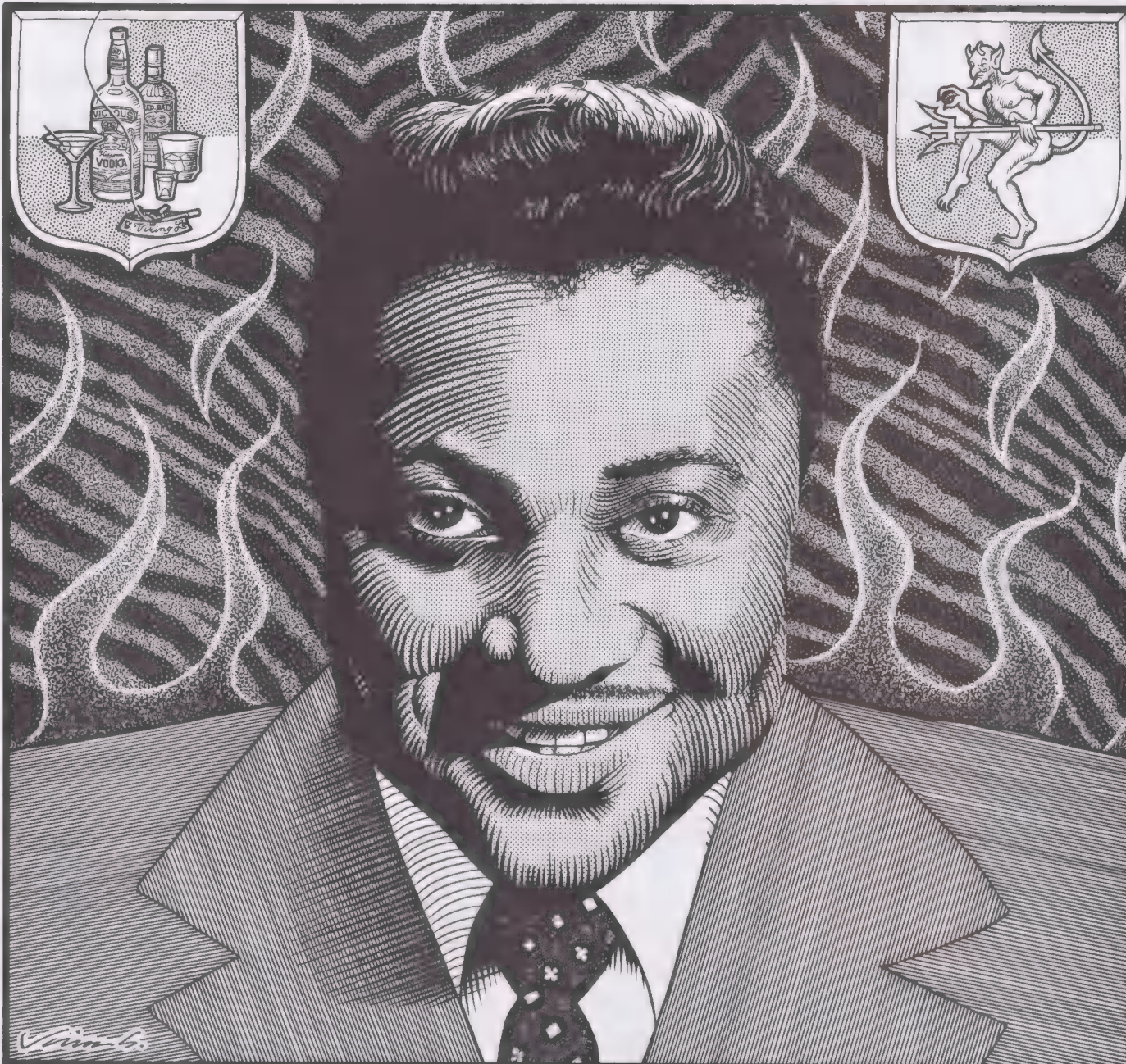
I'M WARNIN' YA - WATCH OUT! HEARING LOSS IS THE LEAST OF IT! IT'S A PLAN - A GOVERNMENT AGENDA TO CONTROL THE HERD!! DON'T LET THEM RENDER YOU WEAK!!! DON'T BUY THE BULLSHIT AND...**TURN IT DOWN!!!!**



-END-



# Great **BADASSES** in American Popular Music by Jim Blanchard



## Amos Milburn

Amos Milburn was born on April Fool's Day in 1927, and began his bad ass musical career as a teenage Marine, rockin' up many an officer's club with his bennie-fueled boogie-woogie piano. Before he was discharged in '45, he also got his bad ass shot at, while serving on an infantry landing craft in Guadalcanal and the Philippines.

Once free of the Marines, Amos was a partyin' motherfucker. He loved drinking the sauce so much, he not only wrote songs about it, he wrote *lots* of them — including "Bad Bad Whiskey," "Good Good Whiskey," "Vicious Vicious Vodka," "Juice Juice Juice," and the oft-covered "One Scotch, One Bourbon, and One Beer." His signature tune "Chicken Shack Boogie" went to #1 in the R & B charts in 1948. Milburn's early tunes are a perfect combination of swinging rhythm, hard-charging piano, and drunk, devil-may-care attitude.

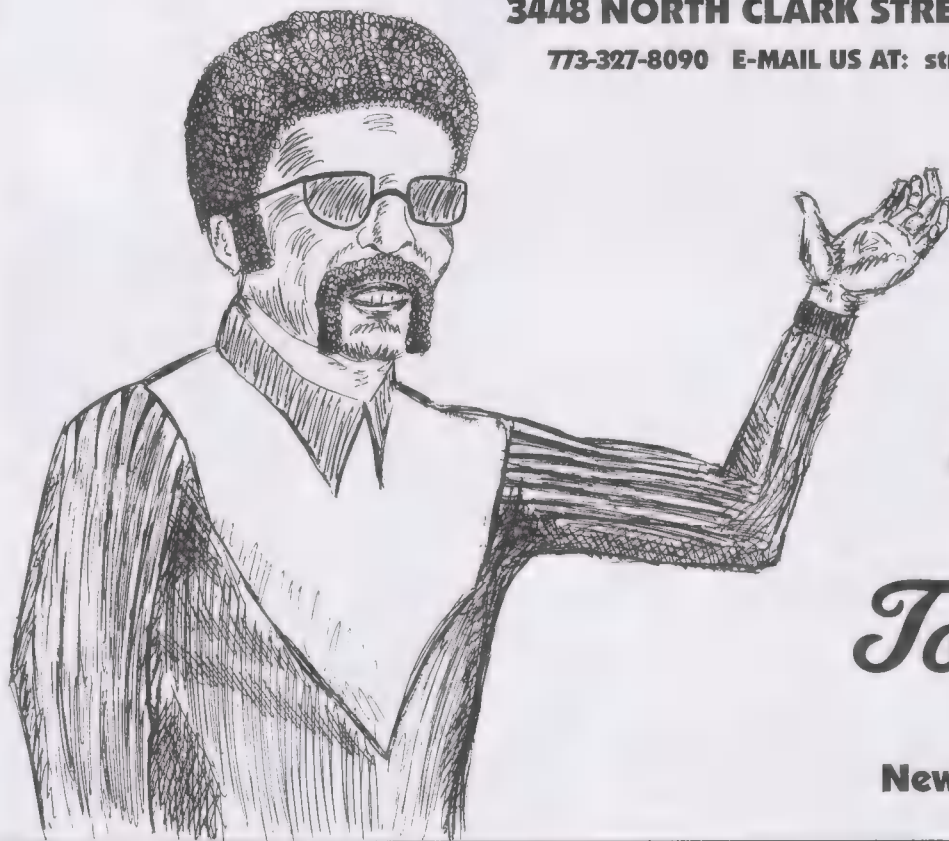
Unfortunately, nobody wanted to do the "Chicken Shack Boogie" in the '60s and '70s, and Amos' notoriety disappeared. His taste for hard-drinking and unfiltered R&B led to two strokes and eventually to early death at age 52.



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can function in many instrumental and unconven-  
tional ways. As well, it can be theoretically opti-  
mized. We intend, with the blood in our veins, to  
explore these possibilities as far as possible, I  
present the results to you in the form of musical  
pieces, and to express what is in our faithful  
hearts and subconscious minds.



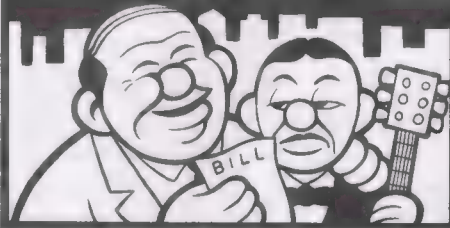
# Great Moments in Rock & Roll

BY MARK DANCEY



AND DAVID MERLINE

HERMAN LUBINSKY, OWNER OF SAVOY RECORDS, REVOLUTIONIZES THE MUSIC INDUSTRY WHEN HE INTRODUCES THE CONCEPT OF 'RECOUPABLE' EXPENSES. BY HAVING MUSICIANS ABSORB ALL THE COSTS OF RECORDING AND MANUFACTURING THEIR OWN RECORDS, LUBINSKY REDUCES HIS OVERHEAD DRAMATICALLY, THUS ENSURING THE GROWTH OF THE COMPANY AND JOBS FOR HIS EMPLOYEES.



BERNIE BESSMAN, REALIZING THAT HIS FLEDGLING LABEL, SENSATION RECORDS, CAN'T MEET THE GROWING DEMAND FOR JOHN LEE HOOKER'S 'BOOGIE CHILLEN,' SELFLESSLY DIVIDES HIS COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THE SONG WITH MODERN RECORDS, A COMPANY WITH THE RESOURCES TO MAKE IT A HUGE HIT.



PLUCKY BLANCHE MELROSE, WIDOW OF WABASH MUSIC PUBLISHER LESTER MELROSE, STEPS INTO HER HUSBAND'S SHOES AND SETTLES ARTHUR 'THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MAMA' CRUDUP'S ACCOUNTS WITH A ROYALTY CHECK FOR \$1.06.



CONSTANTLY CONCERNED ABOUT THE COMFORT OF HIS EMPLOYEES, LEONARD CHESS OF CHESS RECORDS ALWAYS MAKES SURE THEY HAVE A FEW DRINKS BEFORE HE TALKS BUSINESS WITH THEM.



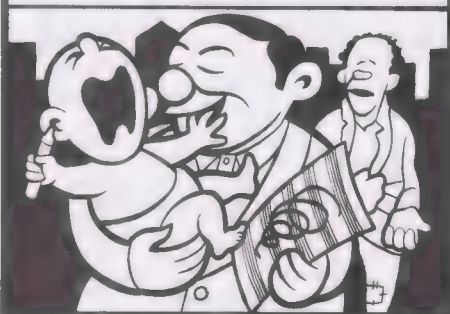
WELL AWARE OF THE VALUE OF WORKER INCENTIVES, SAM PHILLIPS OF SUN RECORDS INSTITUTES THE PRACTICE OF REWARDING GOLD RECORD PERFORMERS WITH A CADILLAC, PAID FOR OUT OF THE ARTIST'S ROYALTIES.



HENRY 'PEACEMAKER' STONE, FOUNDER OF T.K. RECORDS, INSTANTLY RESOLVES A \$110,000 ROYALTY DISPUTE WITH GEORGE 'ROCK YOUR BABY' McRAE BY PRESENTING THE ARTIST WITH ALL THE CASH HE HAS IN HIS POCKET AND THE KEYS TO A RENTAL CADILLAC.



BRUNSWICK RECORDS PRESIDENT NAT TARNOPOL PROVIDES FOR HIS FAMILY'S FUTURE BY LISTING HIS SON PAUL AS THE WRITER FOR JACKIE WILSON'S 'DOGGIN' AROUND,' ALTHOUGH THE BOY HADN'T BEEN BORN YET WHEN THE SONG WAS RECORDED.



MOTOWN RECORDS MOGUL BERRY GORDY TAKES A CHANCE ON A YOUNG TEENA MARIE, SIGNING HER TO A CONTRACT UNDER WHICH SHE'S PAID A CONSISTENT \$100 PER WEEK, WHETHER HER RECORDS MAKE MONEY OR NOT. FORTUNATELY, GORDY'S FAITH IS REWARDED WHEN HER ALBUMS BRING HIM \$2 MILLION.



UPON DISCOVERING THAT COLUMBIA RECORDS HAD NEVER COPYWRITTEN THE SONGS OF THE LATE ROBERT JOHNSON, ENTREPRENEUR STEPHEN LEVERE SHELTERS THE WAYWARD RECORDINGS BY HAVING THEM COPYWRITTEN BY HIS OWN COMPANY, KING OF SPADES.



THANKS LM!



# IT'S THE MOTORBOOTY CLEARANCE SALE!

ATTENTION EDITORS, ART DIRECTORS, AND WRITERS!



We realize how hard it is to come up with fresh copy when you're on a deadline—you haven't slept or showered for days, you've run out of ideas, and if you're going to justify your outrageous salary you'd better come up with something fast. Well you can stop beating your head against the wall, because **MOTORBOOTY has done your work for you.**

We admit it: we screwed up. We overwrote. Now we've got more material than we know what to do with. We're up to our necks in satirical remnants, comedic irregulars, slightly-dinged high concepts, and remaindered punchlines. Here at **MOTORBOOTY**, we tend to be a little particular about what we print, but just because these items didn't pass **MOTORBOOTY** muster doesn't mean they won't **improve your publication ten-fold.**

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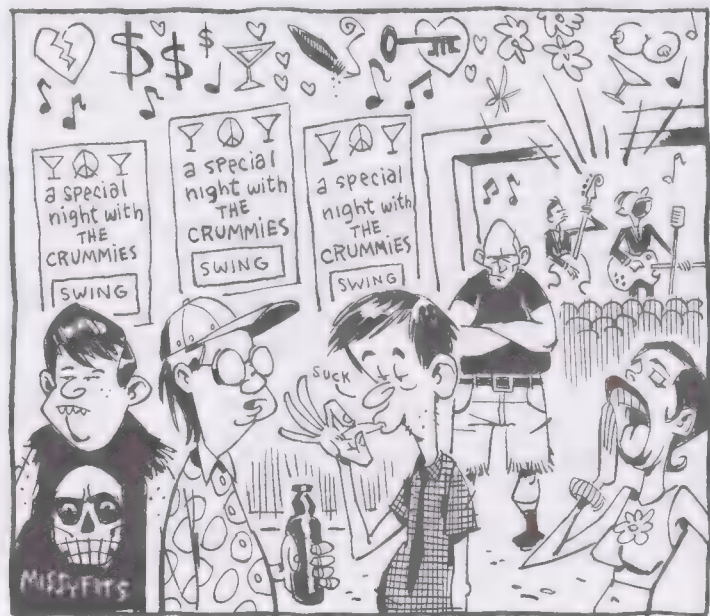
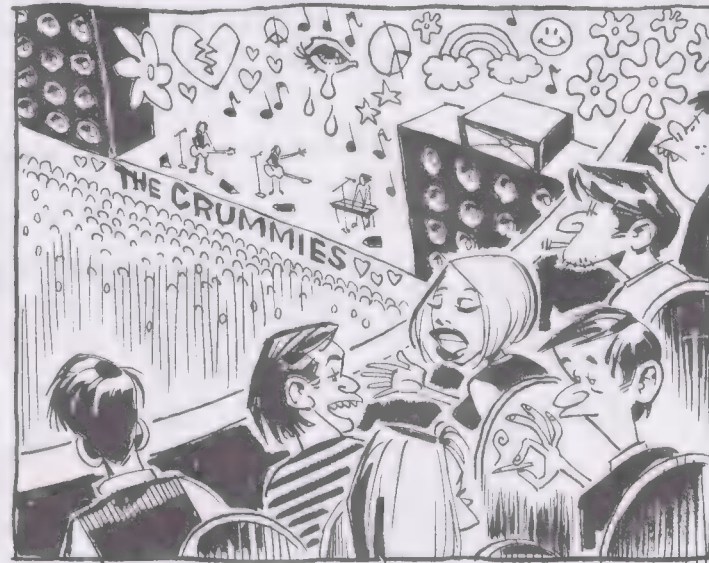
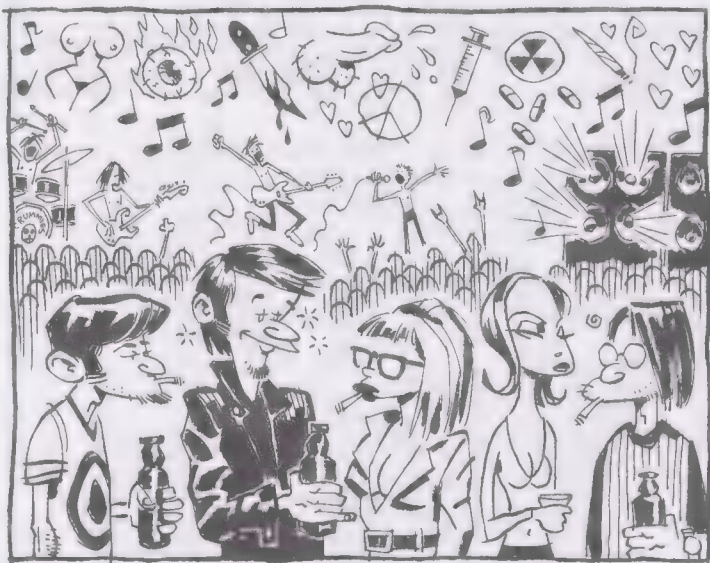
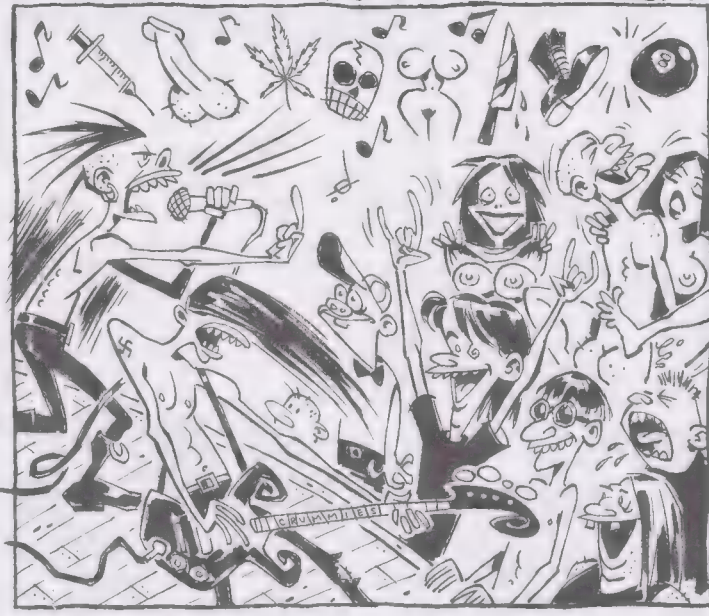




merline  
dancer

# EVOLUTION OF A SCENESTER

barr



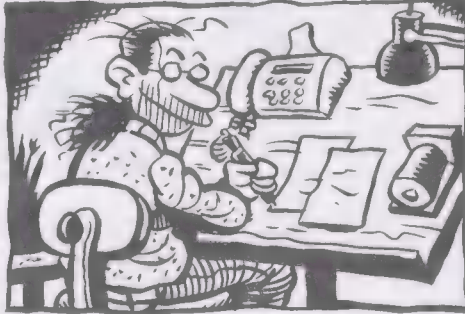
GLBARR

and



# FAMILY

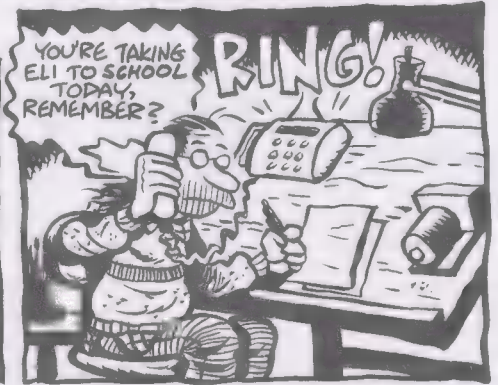
I ACTUALLY MANAGED TO GET DOWN HERE EARLY TODAY. IF I CAN JUST TAKE A HALF HOUR EACH DAY BEFORE I DO MY OTHER STUFF, I'M SURE I CAN DEVELOP A COMIC STRIP THAT'D WORK.



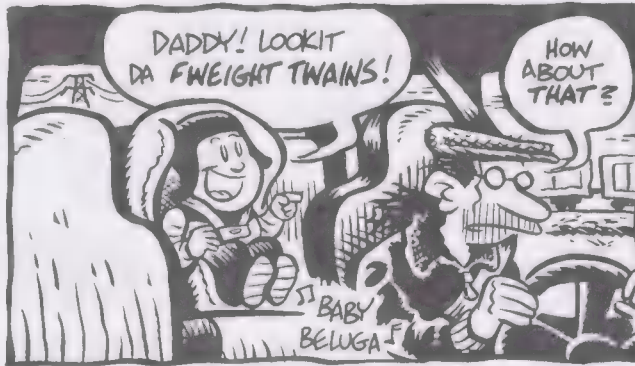
I'VE HAD SOME GOOD IDEAS, BUT I HAVEN'T WRITTEN THEM DOWN YET. WHAT I NEED IS A SETTING THAT'S INTERESTING, YET INSTANTLY RECOGNIZABLE.



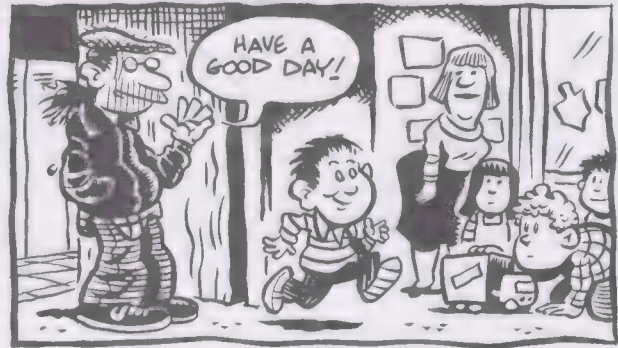
I THINK MY BEST BET IS TO STAY CLOSE TO HOME. "KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID" IS THE MOTTO THAT SHOULD EVER BE FOREMOST IN...



I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WITH ADULTS AT THE CENTER WILL WORK. AT LEAST IT'D BE A LOT HARDER--WITH ADULTS, THERE'S TOO MUCH STUFF YOU HAVE TO AVOID.



I GUESS YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH MORE IF YOU USED FUNNY ANIMALS. BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN A BIG FUNNY ANIMAL GUY. I DON'T BELIEVE IT, AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, IT ISN'T GOING TO WORK.



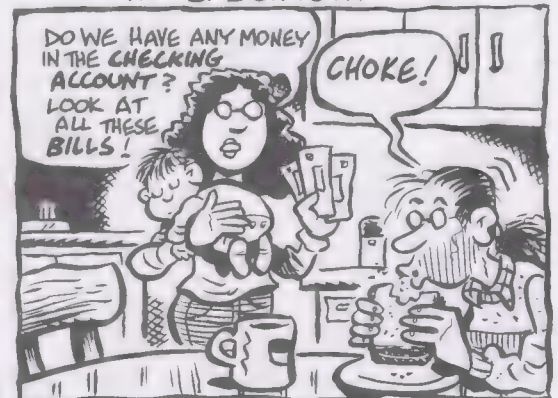
WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS IS A DECENT HIGH SCHOOL STRIP. NO ONE EVER STOPS THINKING ABOUT HIGH SCHOOL.



I CAN REALLY SEE **TEENAGE ANGST** AS A CONTINUING MOTIF. BUT CONCENTRATING MORE ON THE WAY WE REMEMBER ADOLESCENCE THAN ON ACCURATELY DEPICTING SOME EXISTING GROUP OF TEENS.



IF YOU DID IT RIGHT, YOU COULD HAVE THIS VERY INTERESTING BLEND OF THE ARCHETYPAL AND THE SPECIFIC...





# MAN

by TERRY LABAN

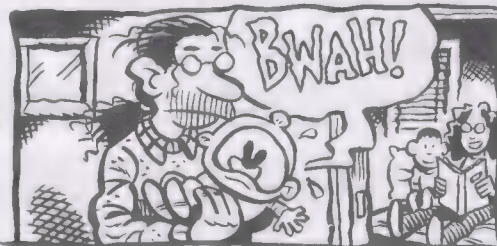


FUCK. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY FINISHING THIS STORY FOR "ANOTHER GUY'S LICENSED CHARACTER COMICS®" IF I WANT TO GET PAID THIS MONTH!

THAT BREAK DID ME GOOD. I CAN SEE THIS HAVING A DEFINITE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SLANT. THE LEAD CHARACTER COULD LOOK KIND OF LIKE ME.



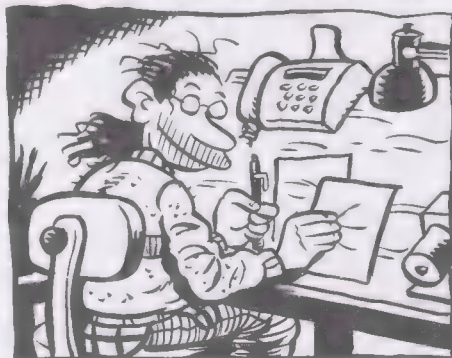
A LIKABLE LOSER. WELL, NOT A LOSER, EXACTLY-- SPUNKIER THAN THAT. HE'D HAVE FRIENDS AND ALL. STILL, YOU CAN'T DO A FUNNY STRIP ABOUT THE MOST POPULAR GUY IN CLASS.



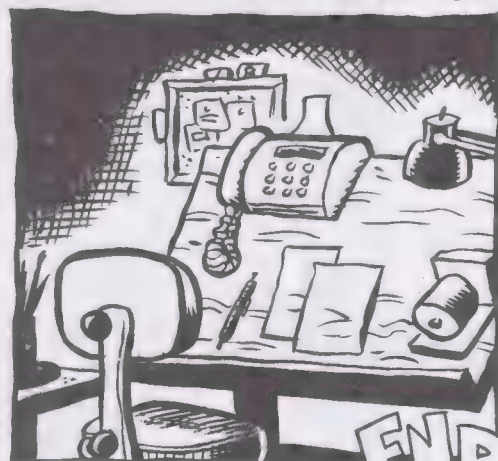
ANYWAY, YOU COULD START WITH HIM LIKING A GIRL. OR MAYBE HE ALREADY HAS A GIRL-FRIEND, BUT THEY'VE GOT PROBLEMS. I KNOW-- SHE JUST GOT BRACES, AND IS OBSESSED ABOUT FOOD CAUGHT IN HER TEETH...



FINALLY! NOTHING TO KEEP ME FROM STARTING ON THIS THING. EVEN IF I DO JUST ONE OR TWO CRUMMY IDEAS, AT LEAST I'VE MADE A START.



AW, FUCK IT. IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME FOR "E.R."

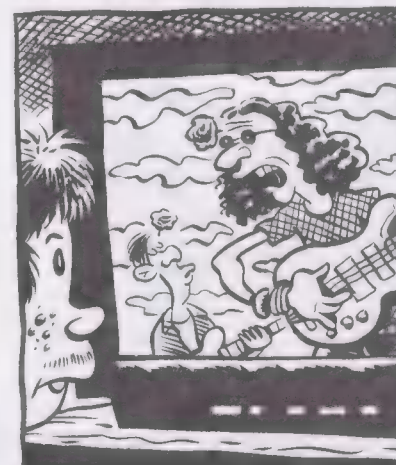
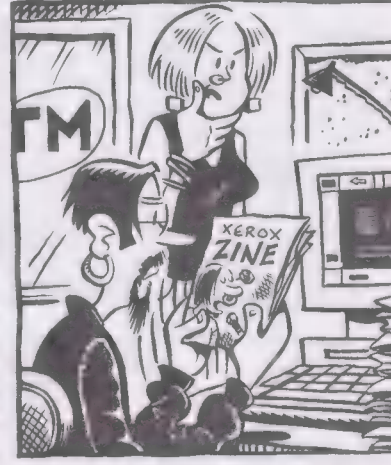


END



# The FAD

by TERRY LABAN © 96





# Great **BADASSES** in American Popular Music by Jim Blanchard



## Jimmie Davis

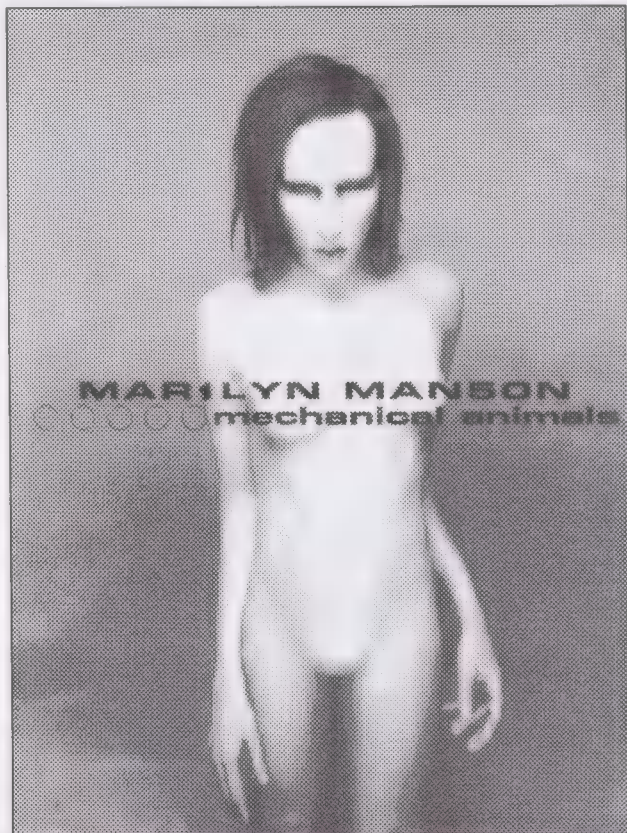
Jimmie Davis is a bad ass on so many levels, it's ironic that he is best known to modern music fans for the slew of smarmy Christian records he cut in the '60s-'70s. His prodigious list of accomplishments prior to that, however, is where the real meat of the man resides.

Many of Jimmie's first recordings in the late '20s and early '30s were raunchy sex songs, full of genital double-entendre and heavily influenced by the deep South blues. Among them: "High Behind Blues" (about gettin' some dark meat south of the border), "Tom Cat and Pussy Blues," and "She's a Hum Dum Dinger from Dingersville."

A few years later, Davis left the risqué stuff behind, and co-wrote the most popular song in country music history, "You Are My Sunshine," with his steel guitarist Charlie Mitchell.

Still not satisfied, he got into local politics and was ultimately elected governor of Louisiana in 1944, using "You Are My Sunshine" as his campaign theme song. He served one term and was later re-elected on a segregationist platform in 1960. During both campaigns his opponents would drag out Davis' profane early records, but there simply was no stopping this big-balled, bacon-eatin' balladeer!





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marilyn manson  
mechanical animals

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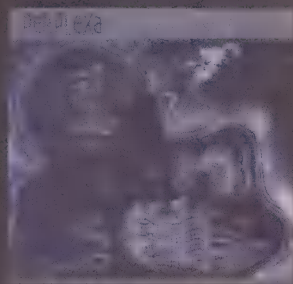
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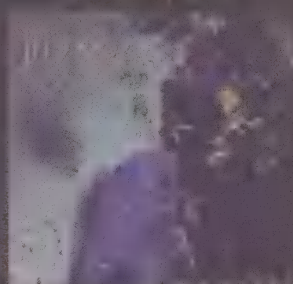
Soul Clique "Only One Division" cd  
Ethereal Slowburn Funk.  
\$12 ppd catalog # SS-011



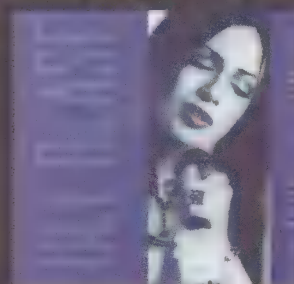
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Cover Thy Shame

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PLAYERS

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MIKE RUBIN  
AND  
MARK DANCEY

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ALL AGES





## KID ROCK

Born: BOB HITCHCOCK Hometown: Romeo, MI

- A self-described "redneck," Kid Rock funded his early demo tapes by picking apples!
- In 1988, WSUC-FM at SUNY-Cortland was fined \$23,750 for playing Kid Rock's profanity-filled "Yo-De-Lin in the Valley," the FCC's largest-ever penalty against a college station at the time!
- Although Kid Rock sampled Howard Stern in "Balls in Your Mouth," that didn't prevent Stern from hanging up on him. Kid Rock, the rapper who says he's a "hick" from Michigan, couldn't pick up the phone when Stern called him.
- The 27-year-old Rock is still called "Kid," but the members of his crew who actually look the most like a child is a pint-sized rapper, Joe C., who's actually a midge!



KID ROCK BACK IN THE DAY (1990)

### MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1990	Live/RCA/Top Dog	Grits Sandwiches for Breakfast	825
1993	Continuum/Top Dog	The Polyzine Method	833
1994	Continuum/Top Dog	Fire It Up	880
1996	Continuum/Top Dog	Every Body's Stopin' Pimp	887
1998	Live/Atlantic/Top Dog	Devil Without a Cause	875

## ROBERT VAN WINKLE

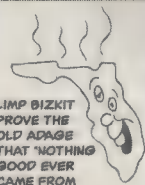
"ICE ICE BABY"



## LIMP BIZKIT

Born: FRED DURST, WES BORLAND, SAM RIVERS, JOHN OTTO, and DJ LETHAL (LEOR DIMANT)  
Hometown: Jacksonville, FL

LIMP BIZKIT PROVE THE OLD ADAGE THAT 'NOTHING GOOD EVER CAME FROM FLORIDA!'



### MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1997	Flip/Interscope	Three Dollar Bill, Yall\$	915

- Industry insiders describe Limp Bizkit's blend of rap and metal as having "crossover appeal," which means the band are bad at two different musical genres simultaneously!
- Limp Bizkit's DJ Lethal used to be in House of Pain, making him the league leader in strikeouts!
- The band got their big break when lead rapper Durst, a tattoo "artist," passed his demo on to two members of Korn right after he inscribed their arms!
- Limp Bizkit's label was busted for paying an Oregon radio station \$50,000 to play the band's first single 50 times—no wonder the name of the song was "Counterfeit!"

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

## JORDY



## WHITE RAP PLAYERS CHECKLIST

- ☐ LORDZ OF BROOKLYN
- ☐ MC 800 FT JESUS
- ☐ BLOODHOUND GANG
- ☐ FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS
- ☐ BRAN VAN 3000
- ☐ KOTTONMOUTH KINGS
- ☐ PRIME MINISTER PETE NICE
- ☐ NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK
- ☐ MARKY MARK AND THE FUNKY BUNCH
- ☐ YOUNG BLACK TEENAGERS
- ☐ DOC MO SHE
- ☐ BALTHAZAR GETTY
- ☐ SON OF EVE
- ☐ GOLDO
- ☐ THE STEREO MCS
- ☐ S.M.O.C.
- ☐ 1000 CLOWNS
- ☐ TEENA MARIE
- ☐ J.T.
- ☐ TONY D
- ☐ SNOW
- ☐ MAD FLAVA
- ☐ ANTHRAX & PUBLIC ENEMY
- ☐ BECK
- ☐ INSANE CLOWN POSSE
- ☐ KORN
- ☐ M.O.T. (MEMBERS OF THE TRIBE)
- ☐ 311
- ☐ BOBBY SICHRAN
- ☐ FOX ALL-STARs
- ☐ BRIAN AUSTIN GREEN/CORIN NEMEC
- ☐ DANNY BOY (HOUSE OF PAIN)
- ☐ KING G AND THE J KREW
- ☐ SENATOR JAY BILLINGTON
- ☐ BUIWORTH
- ☐ CUT N' MOVE
- ☐ KID PANIC AND THE ADVENTURES OF DEAN DEAN
- ☐ LAVAR
- ☐ SEAN DINSMORE (UNITY 2)
- ☐ MISA
- ☐ ALI-DEE (THE NEXT SCHOOL)
- ☐ MISTER JONES
- ☐ MILKBONE
- ☐ THE WHITEBOYS
- ☐ N2DEEP
- ☐ 2 LIVE JEWS
- ☐ LOST TRIBE
- ☐ 4PM
- ☐ 2AMK
- ☐ SAM SEVER (DOWNTOWN SCIENCE)
- ☐ SHAM AND THE PROFESSOR
- ☐ EL-PRODUCTO (COMPANY FLOW)
- ☐ NON PHIXION
- ☐ 2 SKINNEE J's
- ☐ SACKCLOTH FASHION
- ☐ EVAN SEINFELD (BIOHAZARD)
- ☐ PHUNK JUNKIEZ
- ☐ SOUL COUGHING
- ☐ RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
- ☐ FAITH NO MORE
- ☐ THE GETAWAY PEOPLE
- ☐ DANNY HOCH
- ☐ G. LOVE
- ☐ THE RAPPIN' DUKE



## CHICAGO BEARS SHUFFLIN' CREW

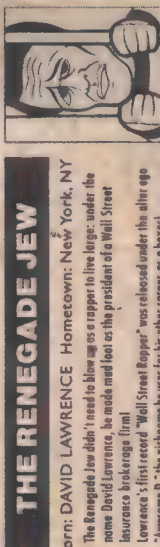
Born: JIM McMAHON and GARY FENICK  
Hometown: Chicago, IL

MAYBE IF THE SHUFFLIN' CREW HAD TAKEN THE ADVICE OF THE BEARS' TRAINER AND WARMED UP FIRST, THEIR RHYMES WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO STIFF!



### MINOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1985	Red Label	"Super Bowl Shuffle"	905



Born: DAVID LAWRENCE Hometown: New York, NY

- The Renegade Jew didn't need to blow up as a rapper to live large: under the name David Lawrence, he made and lost to the president of a Wall Street insurance brokerage firm!
- Lawrence's first record, "Wall Street Rapper," was released under the alias ego "Awesome D." The nickname he uses for his other career as a boxer!
- Wall Street? Lawrence claims that he's the world's oldest active professional boxer. He obviously never heard of George Foreman!
- Lawrence wrote a book called *Awsome D's Boxer Rehabilitation* and has a PhD in literature, but you'd never know it from lyrics like "Eye of the tiger, civil rights fighter/Bring Crown Heights together to make things brighter!"
- Soon after *A to the D* was released, the Renegade Jew's brokerage firm was busted and he pled guilty to federal conspiracy charges for his involvement in a \$1 million tax evasion scam!
- After he got out of federal prison, the Renegade Jew formed a new group called Last Tribe and wrote about his jail experiences in this song, "White Collar Criminal!"

### MINOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	MISSSES	WACK FACTOR
1993	Rude Boy	A to the D	987





**FRED DURST**

## VANILLA ICE

Born: ROBERT VAN WINKLE Hometown: Carrollton, TX

★ Ice's debut album: *To The Extreme* sold an extreme 15 million copies, and at the time, "Ice Ice Baby" was the most successful rap single in history!

★ Ice claimed that he was raised in a rough section of Miami and went to the same high school as 2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell, but it turned out that he grew up on the not-so-mean streets of Carrollton, TX, in suburban Dallas!

★ Ice bragged he was stabbed five times in a Dallas gang fight, and even pulled his pants down on *Into The Night* to prove he had a scar!

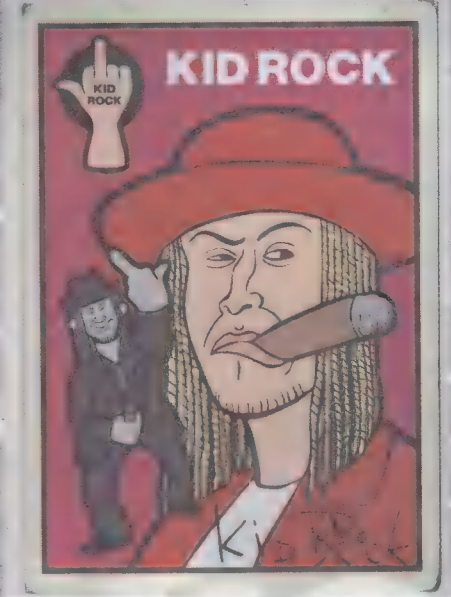
★ Ice boasted he was a motocross champion for Team Honda in Florida, but Team Honda insists they have no record of him ever racing for them!

★ After his follow-up albums stiffed faster than Lot's wife, Ice became a born-again Christian!

### MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD


YEAR	TEAM	HITS	MISSSES	WACK FACTOR
1990	Ultrax/SBK	<i>To The Extreme</i>	—	.925
1991	Ultrax/SBK	—	<i>Extremely Live</i>	.933
1994	EMI	—	<i>Mind Blowin'</i>	.950
1998	Republic/Universal	—	<i>Hard to Swallow</i>	.987

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



**KID ROCK**

## BIG LOU



**Born: LOUIS FERRANTE Hometown: Flushing, NY**

- With his lyrics supporting John Gotti, Big Lou proved he was down not with O.G.s but with A.G.s—Actual Gangstas!
- Big Lou hoped his single would help win the imprisoned Gambino crime family boss a new trial, but instead he himself got arrested for his role in a number of 1981 armed robberies, his involvement in a phony credit card ring that scammed nearly \$250,000, and for shooting a man in the leg and leaving him for dead!
- At his trial, Big Lou's defense attorney William Kunder claimed that the rapper was being prosecuted by the government only because of his pro-Gotti lyrics, but the judge wouldn't allow the song to be admitted as evidence!
- The Italian-American rapper shares something in common with Death Row Records boss Suge Knight: Big Lou is currently serving a lengthy stretch in prison!

### MINOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	MISSSES	WACK FACTOR
1992	Freedom	<i>"Justice Not Found (The John Gotti Story)"</i>	.733

## WHITE RAP PLAYERS CHECKLIST

### ONE-HIT WONDERS

- ☐ EDD "KOOKIE" BYRNES ("Kookie, Kookie (Lend Me Your Comb)") 1959
- ☐ JIMMY DEAN ("Big Bad John") 1961
- ☐ BOBBY (BORIS) PICKETT ("Monster Mash") 1962
- ☐ BOB DYLAN ("Subterranean Homesick Blues") 1965
- ☐ NAPOLEON XIV ("They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa!") 1966
- ☐ ERIC BURDON ("Spill the Wine") 1970
- ☐ THE PIPKINS ("Gimme Dat Ding") 1970
- ☐ C.W. McCALL ("Convoy") 1975
- ☐ BILL SALUGA ("Dancin' Johnson") 1978
- ☐ STEVE MARTIN ("King Tut") 1978
- ☐ MARK E. SMITH ("Crap Rap 2") 1979
- ☐ TOM TOM CLUB ("Wordy Rappinghood") 1981
- ☐ ADAM ANT ("Ant Rap") 1981
- ☐ THE NAILS ("88 Lines About 44 Women") 1981
- ☐ MEL BROOKS ("It's Good to Be the King") 1981
- ☐ WHAMI ("Wham! Rap (Enjoy What You Do)") 1982
- ☐ BILLY CRYSTAL ("Mahvelous") 1985
- ☐ JOE PISCOPO ("The Honeymooners Rap") 1985
- ☐ LOU DIMAGGIO ("Hambo: First Rap Part II") 1985
- ☐ FALCO ("Rock Me Amadeus") 1986
- ☐ RAILROAD JERK ("Bang the Drum") 1995
- ☐ CAKE ("The Distance") 1996
- ☐ BUTTHOLE SURFERS ("Pepper") 1996
- ☐ BARENAKED LADIES ("One Week") 1998

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



## JORDY

Born: JORDY LEMOINE  
Hometown: Meulan, France

- Five-years-old when his song "Dur dur d'être bébé!" ("It's Tough to Be a Baby!") reached Number One in 14 countries, Jordy had a good excuse for not being down with Old School hip-hop: "back in the day" he hadn't even been born yet!
- Jordy's father, a record producer, and his mother, a former radio broadcaster, were accused by one French critic of "child prostitution"!
- It's difficult for Jordy to "live large" when he's still too small to ride the pony he bought with his earnings!
- Jordy was the youngest solo artist ever to make the *Billboard* Hot 100 singles chart, and now that he's "fallen off," he's the youngest has-been in pop music history!

### MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1963	Columbia	<i>Pochette Surprise</i>	.815

## awesome d



**THE RENEGADE JEW**

## MAROON

Born: MARTIN KIERSZENBAUM and WILLIAM PFLAUM  
Hometown: Ann Arbor, MI

### MINOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	MISSSES	WACK FACTOR
1988	Arb	<i>The Funky Record</i>	1.000

★ These two University of Michigan smart alecks must have been joking when they titled their album *The Funky Record*, because with its anorexic beats, Casio flourishes, and wooden rhymes it's anything but!

★ The duo's first single was entitled "Baddest & the Hippest," but it wasn't the baddest so much as it was the worst!

★ In 1994, Will E.P. released his own solo album, *The Motherplucker*, but despite the difficulty in matching the quality standard set by Maroon, he still managed to keep his perfect 1.000 average intact!

The *Funky Record* received an "A-" grade from *Village Voice* critic Robert Christgau the same week in 1988 he gave Boogie Down Productions and Run DMC each a "B+!"

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

## CHICAGO BEARS



## SHUFFLIN' CREW



BENYAD  
& MAZIK



BLOOD OF ABRAHAM

RAPPIN'  
RODNEY

RODNEY  
DANGERFIELD  
Born: JACOB COHEN  
Hometown: Babylon, NY

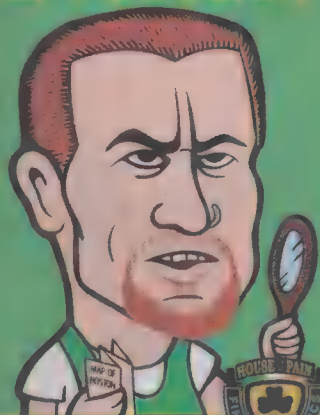


- In 1985, Rodney became the first rapper to ever win a Grammy, when "Rappin' Rodney" picked up the award for "Best Comedy Record"!
- Rodney has something in common with gangsta rappers—a 1985 study by the National Coalition on Television Violence cited the video for "Rappin' Rodney" for violent content!
- "Rappin' Rodney" became the theme song for the DePaul Blue Demons basketball team's 1984 season, because the squad felt they got "no respect"!

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD			
YEAR	TEAM	HITS	WACK FACTOR
1983	RCA	"Rappin' Rodney"	.775

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Everlast



HOUSE OF PAIN

WHEN SHE'S NOT KICKIN'  
IT ON THE MIC,  
16-YEAR-OLD  
ICY HONEYS  
HER RHYMING  
SKILLS AS A  
CHEERLEADER  
AT TORRINGTON HIGH!



ICY BLU

- ▲ While other rappers may prefer gin and juice, icy's favorite drink is Dr. Pepper and her favorite actor is Patrick Swayze!
- ▲ Although she's underage, icy is no stranger to "Blu" material: just check out her single "Pump It (Nice An' Hard)"!
- ▲ icy has always rebelled against The Man: her mother and stepfather are both deputy sheriffs!

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	MISSES	WACK FACTOR
1991	Giant/Warner Bros.	Icy Blu	.887

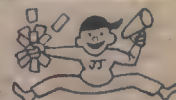
rick rubin



BOYS

JESSE  
JAYMES

Born: JESSE ITZLER  
Hometown: Roslyn, NY



- Jesse was a Zeta Beta Tau frat boy at American University, where his studies provided the inspiration for such songs as "College Girls Are Easy" and "Shake It (Like a White Girl)"!
- Although Jesse remained a benchwarmer during his stint with Delicious Vinyl, in 1994 he recorded the rap "Go New York Go" on his own label and it became the theme song for the New York Knicks on their road to the NBA Finals!
- Jesse's Alphabet City Sports Records label now earns more than \$10 million in sales each year releasing albums for sports franchises, featuring sports raps like "You the Man" for the Washington Bullets, "The Bugs Are Back" for the Charlotte Hornets, and "I'm a Knicks Fan"!
- Alphabet City's Chicago Bulls CD sold 500,000 copies, or about 499,850 more than Thirty Footer in Your Face!

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	MISSES	WACK FACTOR
1991	Delicious Vinyl	Thirty Footer in Your Face	.975

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

DETROIT PROSPECTS



CHILLY TEE

Born: TRAVIS KNIGHT  
Hometown: Portland, OR



- ✓ If the title of Chilly's song "Just Do It" sounds familiar, it's no accident—the blond-haired rapper is the son of Nike founder and CEO Phil Knight!
- ✓ People often confuse Chilly with similarly malnourished and slow-moving L.A. Lakers center Travis Knight, but the two are not related!
- ✓ As a senior in high school, Chilly composed a rap about the civil-rights struggle for a class project, and that song later became the demo that got him signed to MCA!
- ✓ Although Get Off Mine was produced by the Bomb Squad's Hank Shocklee, it sounds less like Public Enemy than like the inaccurately named Young Black Teenagers, one of Mr. Shocklee's real bombs!

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD

YEAR	TEAM	MISSES	WACK FACTOR
1993	MCA	Get Off Mine	.663

PRINTED IN VIETNAM





DETROIT, MICHIGAN,  
SEPTEMBER 12, 1997.

# DOWN WITH THE CLOWNS STABLE

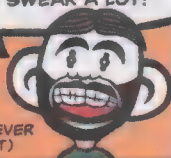
THE CITY THAT GAVE BIRTH TO MOTOWN, THE MCS, TECHNO, AND SPONGE—ANYONE REMEMBER SPONGE?—IS CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF A NEW YOUTH CRAZE.

THIS IS MY 13TH SHOW, TOMORROW IN TOLEDO WILL BE MY 14TH, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA SEE THEM IN DETROIT—DETROIT'S OFF THE HOOK!



VINCE, 17

I LIKE HOW THEY'RE WICKED, AND I LIKE HOW THEY SWEAR A LOT!



DAN, 14  
(FIRST-EVER CONCERT)

A LOT OF THE YOUNGER KIDS ARE INTO IT FOR THE CLOWN THING, BUT I'M INTO IT FOR THE MESSAGE.



JAGON, 24

INSANE CLOWN  
POSSE

SOLD OUT

630

IT'S AN ESCAPE FROM REALITY.



SHAWN, 19  
(FIRST IN LINE AT 8:50A.M.)

I LIKE THIS 'CAUSE IT'S CRAZY AND I CAN WEAR MAKEUP!



PHIL, 19

I-C-MOTHERFUCKIN'-P!



ANONYMOUS NINJA

I DON'T NEED A RELATIONSHIP—ICP IS ENOUGH FOR ME!



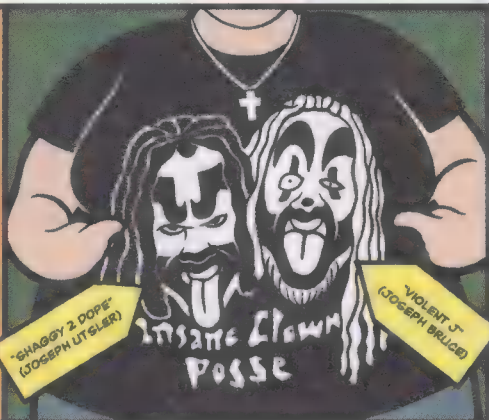
ANDREA, 16

WORDS: MIKE RUBIN PICTURES: MARK DANCEY

CALL IT CLOWN LOVE.



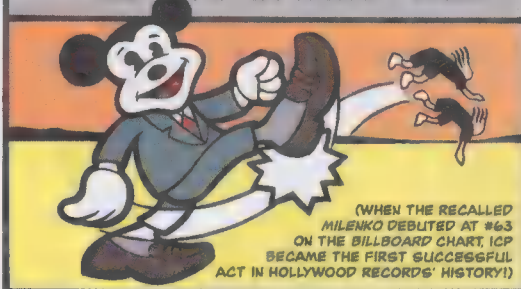
WHILE IT'S CERTAINLY A CIRCUS-LIKE ATMOSPHERE OUT IN FRONT OF THE STATE THEATER, IT ISN'T THE RINGLING BROS. THAT HAVE BROUGHT 3,000 SUBURBANITES—MOST OF THEM SPORTING FACES DAUBED WITH GREASE-PAINT—BACK TO THE DOWNTOWN THEIR PARENTS ABANDONED. NO, IT'S THE TRIUMPHANT HOMECOMING OF ANOTHER TWOSOME, THE MOST INFAMOUS MADMEN TO BURST OUT OF THE MOTOR CITY SINCE TED NUGENT: THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE, A WHITE RAP DUO THAT SPINS TALES OF CARTOONISH KILLINGS AND WEARS CLOWN MAKEUP.



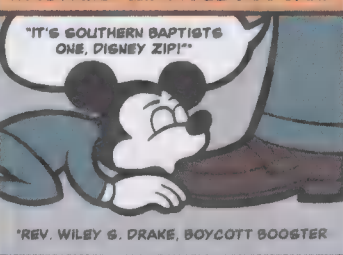
TONIGHT MARKS ICP'S FIRST HOMETOWN CONCERT SINCE THE WELL-PUBLICIZED JUNE FLAP THAT BROUGHT THE GROUP NATIONAL NOTORIETY. DISNEY-OWNED HOLLYWOOD RECORDS RECALLED 100,000 COPIES OF THE GROUP'S NEW ALBUM, THE GREAT MILENKO, A MERE SIX HOURS AFTER IT WAS SHIPPED TO STORES, CITING "INAPPROPRIATE" LYRICS.



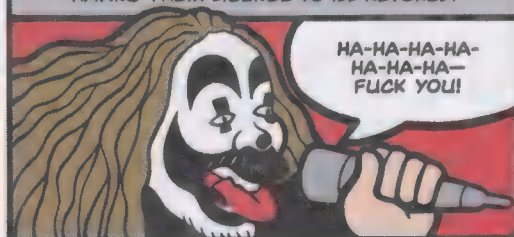
ALTHOUGH MILENKO HAD BEEN APPROVED BY THE COMPANY BACK IN MARCH, DISNEY EXECS DIDN'T INITIATE THE VIRTUALLY UNPRECEDENTED RECALL UNTIL JUST A WEEK AFTER THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION HAD VOTED TO BOYCOTT DISNEY FOR "GAY-FRIENDLY" POLICIES.



WHILE IT'S HARD TO FATHOM WHAT ELLEN OR HEALTH INSURANCE FOR HOMOSEXUALS HAS TO DO WITH A COUPLE OF POTTY-MOUTHED CLOWNS, DISNEY'S CAPITULATION HAS PROSPECTIVE CENSORS WHISTLING "ZIP A DEE DOO DAH."



IF ANYTHING, ICP IS OFFENSIVE NOT FOR THEIR OBSCENITY, BUT FOR THEIR STUPIDITY. IN AN ERA THAT HAS SEEN NUMEROUS ROCK BANDS—including RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, 311, AND KORN—ATTEMPT TO SPICE THEIR BLAND MEAT BY DELIVERING VOCALS IN AN APPROXIMATION OF HIP-HOP "FLAVA," ICP MAY BE THE EQUAL OPPORTUNITY RAPPERS MOST IN DANGER OF HAVING THEIR LICENSE TO ILL REVOKED.



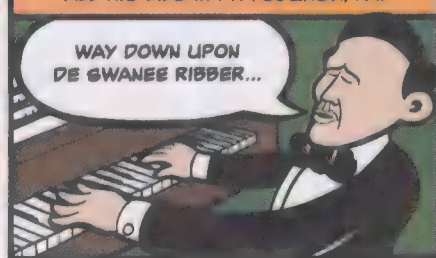
ALTHOUGH YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BLACK TO RAP WELL (IT SURE HASN'T HELPED PUFF DADDY), ICP'S CLOWN SHITCK REMINDS US THAT THE SPECTACLE OF THE WHITE RAPPER HAS USUALLY BEEN RIDICULOUS.



ACTUALLY, THE TRADITION OF PAINTING ONE'S FACE AND MIMICKING BLACK MANNERISMS—BETTER KNOWN AS MINSTRELSY—IS OLD AND INFLUENTIAL.



AMERICAN POPULAR SONG IS ROOTED IN JUST SUCH MUSICAL MISCEGENATION. STEPHEN FOSTER, AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT SONGWRITER, WROTE MANY OF HIS COMPOSITIONS ABOUT PLANTATION LIFE IN BLACK DIALECT, DESPITE SPENDING VIRTUALLY ALL HIS LIFE IN PITTSBURGH, PA.



"ONE OF THE GREAT IRONIES OF BLACKFACE, FROM MINSTREL SHOWS TO ROCK'N'ROLL," WRITES KEN EMERSON IN DOO-DAH!: STEPHEN FOSTER AND THE RISE OF AMERICAN POPULAR CULTURE, IS THAT "IT REPRESENTS A CERTAIN FREEDOM TO WHITES—FREEDOM FROM BOURGEOIS CONVENTIONS AND EXPECTATIONS—EVEN THOUGH THAT ILLUSION OF FREEDOM IS LARGELY THE CONSEQUENCE OF WHITE OPPRESSION AND EXCLUSION."



THE ACT OF "APING A BLACK MAN," SUGGESTS EMERSON, REINFORCED A WHITE MAN'S "SENSE OF RACIAL SUPERIORITY AND SOCIAL RESPECTABILITY WHILE AT THE SAME TIME IT RELIEVED HIM FOR AN EVENING FROM THE PRESSURES THAT SUPERIORITY AND RESPECTABILITY CREATED."



ICP'S SPECIAL TWIST ON THIS CULTURAL TRANSVESTISM IS ADORNING THEMSELVES IN A JESTER'S MAQUILLAGE. OF COURSE, IN THE '90S, IF YOU'RE A CLOWN YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A SINISTER AGENDA. THANKS TO FIGURES LIKE STEPHEN KING'S PENNYWISE AND JOHN WAYNE GACY'S ALTER EGO, POGO, THE EVIL CLOWN HAS BECOME AS FAMILIAR A CLICHÉ AS RED RUBBER NOSES AND BIG FLOPPY FEET.





BUT CONTENT-LIGHT, MAKEUP-HEAVY CONCEPTS HAVE LONG BEEN WARMLY EMBRACED IN DETROIT. IN 1970, ALICE COOPER RELOCATED HIS BAND FROM L.A. TO DETROIT TO LET HIS MASCARA BLEED AND SING ABOUT DEAD BABIES.



(COOPER MAKES A CAMEO APPEARANCE ON MILENKO, BUT HAS SINCE RENOUNCED THE ALBUM FOR BEING TOO OUTRAGEOUS.)

IN THE MID '70s, KISS HONORED THE MOTOWN AUDIENCES WHO HAD BEEN SO RECEPTIVE TO THEIR POOR-MAN'S KABUKI BY PENNING THE ANTHEM "DETROIT ROCK CITY."



(KISS KICKED OFF THEIR 1996 RETURN-TO-MAKEUP TOUR AT DETROIT'S TIGER STADIUM.)

AND IN THE LATE '80s, THE MOTOR CITY PROVIDED A NURTURING ENVIRONMENT FOR THE BOARD'S-CRASHING BUFFOON THE WORLD WOULD COME TO KNOW AS DENNIS RODMAN.



EVEN THE CUSTOM OF CLOWNING FOR COMMERCE IS A TRIED AND TRUE DETROIT PRACTICE. ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR LOCAL TV PERSONALITIES OF THE '50s WAS MILKY, A SHILL FOR TWIN PINES DAIRY...



...WHILE IN THE '60s AND '70s, CHANNEL FOUR'S OOPSY WOULD SHILL FOR JUST ABOUT ANYBODY.



THERE'S CONSIDERABLE IRONY TO ICP'S SUCCESS: WITH A POPULATION THAT IS 76 PERCENT BLACK, DETROIT IS THE LARGEST U.S. CITY WITH AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAJORITY, YET HAS PRODUCED NO HIP-HOP THAT ANYONE OUTSIDE THE TRI-COUNTY AREA HAS HEARD OF.



THIS SITUATION IS PERFECTLY IN KEEPING WITH DETROIT'S TRAGIC HISTORY OF RACIAL STRIFE AND SEGREGATION. THE CITY HAS NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE LOSS OF PEOPLE AND CAPITAL TO THE SUBURBS FOLLOWING THE 1967 RIOT; AND RACIAL BOUNDARIES ARE STRICTLY DRAWN: AS FAR AS YOUNG ICP FANS ARE CONCERNED, BLACK DETROIT MIGHT AS WELL BE ANOTHER PLANET.



PEOPLE SAY DETROIT IS BAD, BUT THESE KIDS COME DOWN FROM THE SUBURBS, THEY DRINK THEIR BEER, THEY PISS ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK, THEY GET INTO FIGHTS, AND THEY CALL IT CLOWNING AROUND...



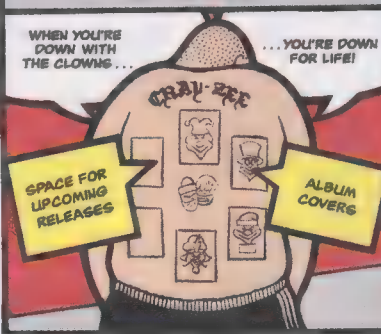
...THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT IT IS THAT AFTER THEY LEAVE, STREET PEOPLE COME AND COLLECT THE BOTTLES FOR THE DEPOSIT.



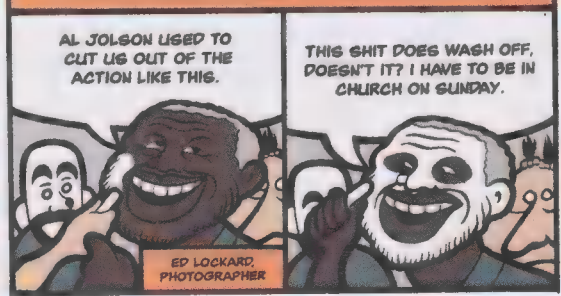
BUT ICP WOULD BE JUST ANOTHER LOCAL JOKE BAND WITHOUT THEIR INSANELY DEVOTED FANS, WHOM THE BAND REFER TO AS "JUGGALOS." TYPICAL ARE SHAWN ZELMER (15 CONCERTS) AND HIS WIFE HEATHER (19 SHOWS), WHO MET AT AN ICP GIG WHERE IT WAS A CASE OF CLOWN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.



ACCORDING TO THE GROUP'S MANAGER ALEX ABBISS, ONE IN EVERY FOUR POSSE FANS HAS ICP TATTOOS.



DESPITE VIOLENT J'S INSISTENCE THAT "OUR FANS ARE NOT WHITE, THEY'RE CLOWNS," THERE ARE ALMOST NO BLACK FACES AMONG TONIGHT'S CONCERT-GOERS—PROOF THAT ICP ARE DOWN WITH THE HIP-HOP NATION'S FASTEST-GROWING CONSTITUENCY, YOUNG WHITE CONSUMERS.





NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE POSSE'S DIE-HARD BOOSTERS—THERE ARE 25,000 MEMBERS OF THEIR FAN CLUB—BUY A LOT OF MERCHANDISE. LAST YEAR, THE BAND GROSSED OVER \$500,000 ON PARAPHERNALIA ALONE.

MY WHOLE  
BAGEMENT'S FULL  
OF ICP CRAP!

I PAID \$130  
FOR THIS!

HIS BROTHER  
CRASHED THE  
RED WINGS' LIMO!

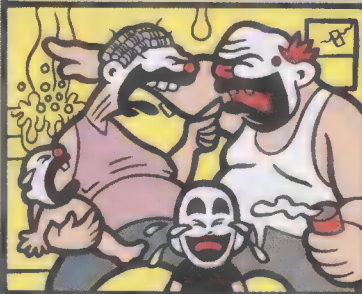
HEY, THAT'S  
MY MONEY!

FRANK HINTTA

TED GNIDA

TRACY ROMANOW

NOT BAD FOR A COUPLE OF  
HIGH-SCHOOL DROPOUTS WHO  
BOTH HAD CHILDHOODS SO  
ROUGH THEY WOULD MAKE  
EMMETT KELLY WEEP.



LATER, THEY FORMED THEIR  
OWN CREW OF WOULD-BE  
HOODLUMS, THE INNER CITY  
POSSE. "IN THE SUBURBS  
THEY THOUGHT WE WERE A  
RUTHLESS GANG," SAYS  
VIOLENT J, "BUT THE REAL  
GANGS THOUGHT WE WERE A  
BUNCH OF PUSSIES, SO WE  
GOT OUR ASSES KICKED  
EVERY DAY."



THE LAST REFUGE OF THE  
FAKE GANGSTER IS TO  
BECOME A RAPPER, SO THE  
INNER CITY POSSE BECAME  
THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE,  
AND DESPITE CRITICAL  
ANTIPATHY, THEIR POPULARITY  
CONTINUES TO GROW.

WE'RE THE WORLD'S  
MOST HATED BAND  
IN THE WORLD.



"WE KNOW WE  
SUCK," SAYS  
VIOLENT J. "SO  
MANY RAPPERS  
TALK ABOUT  
HOW FRESH  
THEY ARE, BUT  
IT'S SO MUCH  
EASIER TO BE  
A DORK."



ONSTAGE, ICP  
INDULGE IN A  
SORT OF  
CIRCUS  
KARAOKE,  
RAPPING ALONG  
TO A TAPE OF  
THEIR RECORD  
WITHOUT THE  
ACCOMPANIMENT  
OF A BAND OR  
EVEN A DJ.

THEIR SOLE LIVE PERFORMANCE ELEMENT  
CONSISTS OF DOUSING THEIR AUDIENCE WITH  
TWO-LITER BOTTLES OF FAYGO SODA POP, A  
LOCALLY MANUFACTURED SOFT DRINK—A NOD TO  
ONE OF CLOWNING'S FUNDAMENTAL FORMULAS,  
"A LITTLE SONG, A LITTLE DANCE, A LITTLE  
SELTZER DOWN YOUR PANTS."



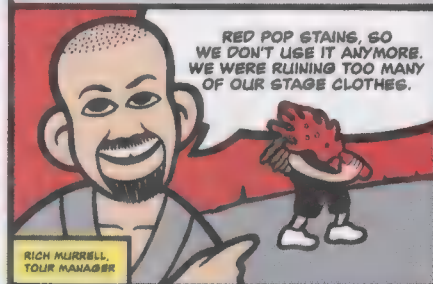
IT'S THE BIGGEST UNSOLICITED PRODUCT  
ENDORSEMENT SINCE RUN-D.M.C.'S "MY ADIDAS."

THE DUO GO THROUGH 400 TWO-LITERS  
A SHOW. "FAYGO'S CHEAP" EXPLAINS  
VIOLENT J. "ONLY SCRUBS DRINK IT, AND  
THAT'S WHY I'M DOWN WITH IT."



(PRODUCER DON WAS, NE DON FEIGENSON, IS  
THE DESCENDANT OF A FAYGO CO-FOUNDER.)

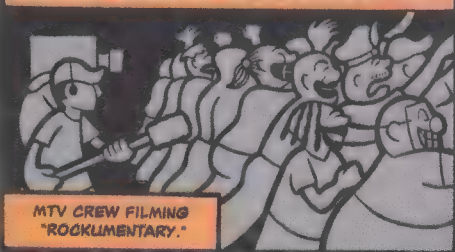
"CLEARLY WE DON'T PRODUCE THE  
PRODUCT TO SPRAY ON PEOPLE," SAYS  
MATT ROSENTHAL, FAYGO'S DIRECTOR  
OF MARKETING. "WE NORMALLY  
PRODUCE BEVERAGES FOR  
CONSUMPTION."



RED POP STAINS, SO  
WE DON'T USE IT ANYMORE.  
WE WERE RUINING TOO MANY  
OF OUR STAGE CLOTHES.

RICH MURRELL,  
TOUR MANAGER

ULTIMATELY, THE DISNEY DEBACLE MAY  
BE THE BEST THING THAT COULD'VE  
HAPPENED TO THE GROUP: THEY SIGNED  
TO ISLAND FOR A REPORTED \$2.5 MILLION  
AND THEIR INFAMY HAS BEEN INCREASING  
EVER SINCE. "I DON'T WANT TO BE KNOWN  
AS THE DISNEY BAND," SAYS VIOLENT J,  
"BUT I'LL TAKE IT ANY WAY I CAN GET IT."



MTV CREW FILMING  
"ROCKUMENTARY."

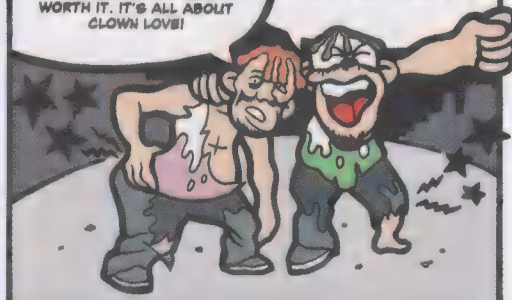
"WE'RE HERE TO STAY," DECLARES  
VIOLENT J. "IT DON'T MAKE NO SENSE,  
BUT THE KIDS DON'T NEED NO  
EXPLANATION. THEY HAVE FUN AND  
THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. . .



... EVERYONE ELSE CAN FUCK OFF!"

I'M BRUISED AND IT FUCKIN'  
HURTS, BUT IT'S ALL  
WORTH IT. IT'S ALL ABOUT  
CLOWN LOVE!

CLOWN LOVE, BABY!





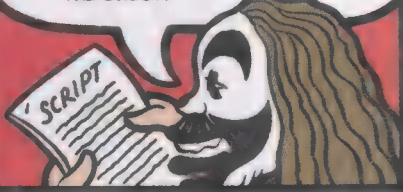
CLOWN TIME IS  
DEFINITELY OVER.

... IT WAS SURPRISING THAT THEY COULDN'T  
TAKE THE COMIC IN STRIDE.



THE COMIC'S SPACE LIMITATIONS ACTUALLY WORKED TO THEIR ADVANTAGE. THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR THEIR BORING SELF-PROMOTIONAL SHITKICK...

I GREW UP IN A HAUNTED HOUSE... THE DARK CARNIVAL CAME TO US AND SAID 'YO, SPEAK OF SIX PROPHETS AND YOU WILL BE GRANTED ETERNAL FRESHNESS, NAKED CHICKS, ALL THE FAYGO YOU LIKE, AND MAD LOOT'... I WANNA BE DOWN WITH THE GHOST!



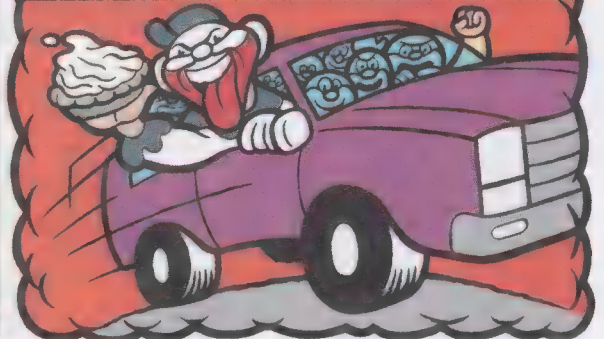
... AND MANY KERNELS OF CLOWN WISDOM HAD TO BE OMITTED.

I'M NOT AFRAID TO ADMIT I'M A DUMBASS.

WE'RE THE FUCKING DUMBASSES. IF YOU WANNA FUCKING HOLLER AT SOME DUMBASSES, COME TALK TO US.



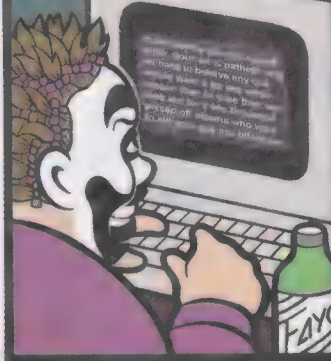
GIVEN THE SOURCE, IT WAS HARD TO TAKE THE CLOWNS' FATWA SERIOUSLY, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS ALWAYS THE DANGER OF A SUICIDE BELTZER BOMB OR A DRIVE-BY PIE THROWING.



IRRESPONSIBLY EGGED ON BY ICP, THE JUGGALOS BEGAN WAGING A LESS-THAN-EFFECTIVE CAMPAIGN OF TERROR.



THERE WERE E-MAIL SALUTATIONS...



... VOICEMAIL GREETINGS...

HEY, YOU DUMB FUCKING BITCH! YOU DUMB FUCKING BITCH! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING? WHEN I SEE YOU I'M GOING TO KICK YOUR MOTHERFUCKING ASS!



\*ONE OF MANY MESSAGES LEFT AT SPIN'S NEW YORK OFFICES.

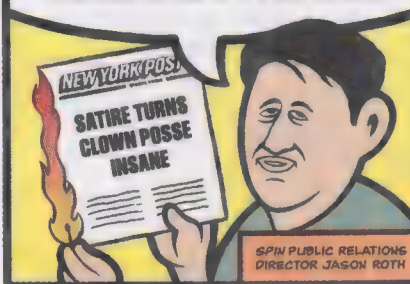
... AND GET-TOGETHERS ON THE STREET WITH EAGLE-EYED JUGGALOS.

AREN'T YOU THE FAGGOT THAT DREW THAT CARTOON?



THE CLOWNS' NOVEL USE OF THE INTERNET TO MARSHALL THEIR FANS TO VIOLENCE DREW WIDESPREAD MEDIA COVERAGE...

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A BAND HAS EVER USED THE WEB TO THREATEN A MAGAZINE OR ONE OF ITS EMPLOYEES.



SPIN PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR JASON ROTH

... BUT BACK IN DETROIT, ONE LOCAL TABLOID SOMEHOW TOOK A PRO-CLOWN STANCE.

WHOSE SIDE AM I GONNA TAKE, THE GUY WITH THE MAGAZINE THAT NEVER COMES OUT OR THE GUYS WHO TAKE OUT FULL-PAGE ADS EVERY MONTH?



THE PUBLISHER

IT'S IRONIC THAT SELF-PROCLAIMED FIRST AMENDMENT MARTYRS LIKE ICP WOULD SEEK TO PERSECUTE ANYONE FOR EXERCISING THE VERY FREEDOM OF SPEECH THAT CREATED THEIR 15 MINUTES IN THE NATIONAL SPOTLIGHT, BUT SUCH HYSTERICAL REACTIONS BY PERFORMERS ARE NOTHING NEW. FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, WRITERS HAVE BEEN CRITICIZING MUSICIANS AND MUSICIANS HAVE BEEN TAKING IT BADLY.



IN THE EARLY 1800s WHEN CRITIC GOTTFRIED WEBER ACCUSED BEETHOVEN OF DESECRATING THE PURPOSE OF HIS ART, THE COMPOSER'S RESPONSE WAS IMMEDIATE...

OH YOU WRETCHED HEEL! WHAT I SHIT IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER THOUGHT!



... WHILE RICHARD WAGNER TOOK A LITTLE LONGER TO CONVEY HIS ANNOYANCE WITH EDUARD HANGLICK, PATTERNING A DESPICABLE CHARACTER IN HIS 1867 DIE MEISTERSINGER AFTER THE VIENNA CRITIC.



OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS THE SOLUTION DEVISED IN THE 1980s BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, WHICH BANNED THE BOSTON GLOBES MICHAEL STEINBERG FROM EVEN ENTERING THEIR CONCERT HALL BECAUSE OF HIS PRINTED ATTACKS.







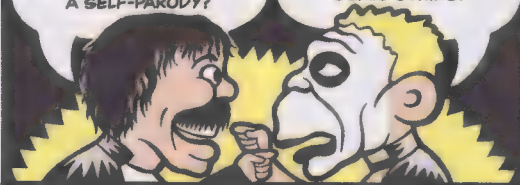
JAZZ PIANIST THELONIOUS MONK ONCE QUIPPED THAT "WRITING ABOUT MUSIC IS LIKE DANCING ABOUT ARCHITECTURE," BUT THERE'S REALLY NOTHING FOR ARTISTS TO GET ALL RILED UP ABOUT; IF THE PRESS WERE REALLY ALL THAT POWERFUL, THEN BUILT TO SPILL WOULD BE BIGGER THAN THE BEATLES.

NEVERTHELESS, ROCK MUSICIANS HAVE LONG BEEN FUSSEY ABOUT THEIR TREATMENT BY THE MEDIA. LOU REED WENT HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH LESTER BANGS FOR A 1975 CREAM INTERVIEW.

YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN WHEN YOU STARTED. YOU JUST KIND OF CHASE YOUR TAIL.

THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY TO YOU! DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE A SELF-PARODY?

NO. IF I LISTENED TO YOU ASSHOLES I WOULD. YOU'RE COMIC STRIPS.



... BUT REED SET HIS SIGHTS ON THE VILLAGE VOICES' ROBERT CHRISTGAU AND THE NEW YORK TIMES' JOHN ROCKWELL WHILE ONSTAGE, CAPTURED FOR POSTERITY ON HIS 1978 LIVE ALBUM TAKE NO PRISONERS.

WHAT DOES CHRISTGAU DO IN BED? IS HE LIKE A TOE FUCKER? CAN YOU IMAGINE WORKING FOR A YEAR AND YOU GET A B+ FROM AN ASSHOLE IN THE VILLAGE VOICE?

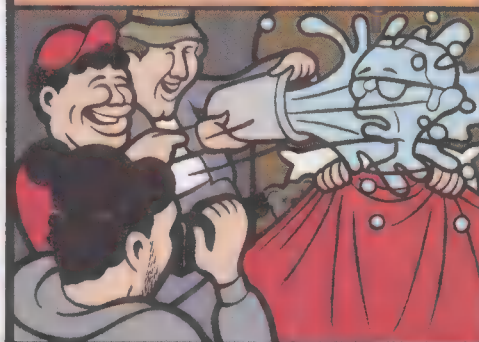
... JOHN ROCKWELL... FUCK YOU! I DON'T NEED YOU TO TELL ME I'M GOOD!



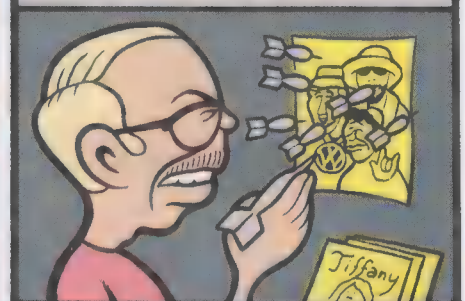
IN THE MID '80s CHRISTGAU ALSO INCURRED THE WRATH OF SONIC YOUTH, WHO ENTITLED ONE SINGLE "I KILLED CHRISTGAU WITH MY BIG FUCKING DICK," WHILE THE SWANS' MICHAEL GIRA EXPRESSED HIS FRUSTRATION BY EJACULATING INTO A ZIPLOC BAG AND MAILING THE CONTENTS TO THE VOICE.



IN 1986, AFTER SPENDING THE DAY WITH CREAM WRITER CHUCK EDDY, THE BEASTIE BOYS BROKE INTO HIS HOTEL ROOM AND PAID HIM A MIDNIGHT VISIT.



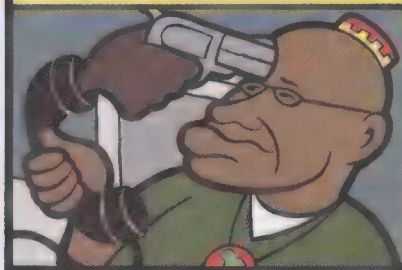
WHEN FOOTAGE OF THE INCIDENT APPEARED IN A BEASTIES' HOME VIDEO, EDDY SUED THE BAND FOR USING HIS LIKENESS WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION, THOUGH THE CASE WAS EVENTUALLY DROPPED.



IN PERHAPS ROCK'S MOST INFAMOUS CRITICAL BEATDOWN, THE SEX PISTOLS ATTACKED WRITER NICK KENT IN SONG ("I WANNA BE ME"), WHILE FUTURE BASSIST/EMBARRASSMENT SID VIOCEOUS ASSAULTED HIM WITH A BIKE CHAIN AT A 1976 PISTOLS CONCERT.

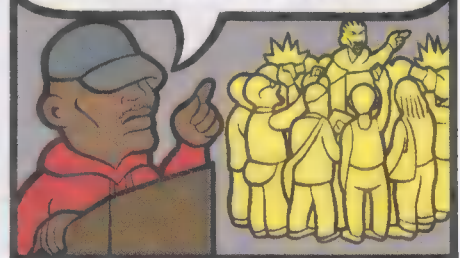


SID'S VIOCEOUSNESS PREFIGURED THE HIP-HOP COMMUNITY'S FREQUENT HOSTILITY TOWARD THE PRESS. EDITORS AT SEVERAL RAP PUBLICATIONS CAN RECOUNT TALES OF HEARING THE SOUND OF A GUN BEING CLICKED AND LOADED ON THE OTHER END OF A PHONE LINE...

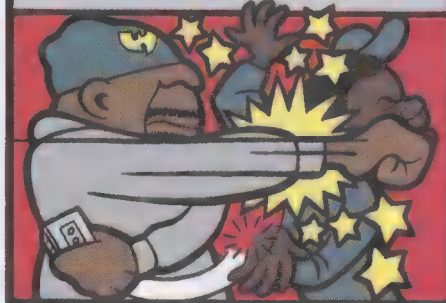


... A SENTIMENT EXPRESSED IN PUBLIC ENEMY'S 1994 "I STAND ACCUSED," WHERE CHUCK D THREATENED CRITICS WHO "CROSS A LINE AND DIS MY RHYME."

IF YOU FIND A CRITIC DEAD/REMEMBER WHAT I SAID/WHO KILLED A CRITIC/GUESS THE CREW DID IT



IN 1994 WU-TANG CLAN HANGER-ON MAGTA KILLA ATTEMPTED TO LIVE UP TO HIS NICKNAME BY GIVING WRITER CHEO HODARI COKER A BLACK EYE, APPARENTLY UPSET BY CARICATURES THAT ACCOMPANIED A COKER ARTICLE ON THE GROUP IN RAP PAGES.



BACKSTAGE AT ENGLAND'S GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL LAST JULY, TRICKY LET CRAIG McLEAN KNOW WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE PROFILE McLEAN HAD WRITTEN ABOUT HIM IN THE FACE.

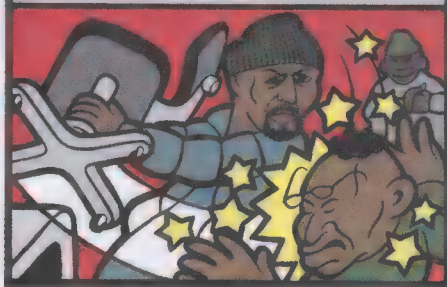


LAST JULY AT A NEW YORK STUDIO, THE FUGEES' WYCLEF JEAN ALLEGEDLY THREATENED BLAZE MAGAZINE EDITOR JESSE WASHINGTON WITH "BLOODSHED" IF THE MAGAZINE WERE TO PUBLISH A NEGATIVE REVIEW OF THE UPCOMING ALBUM BY WYCLEF'S PROTEGE CANIBUS.





BLAZE DECIDED TO HOLD THE UNFAVORABLE CANIBUS REVIEW, BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER THE EDITOR WASN'T SPARED WHEN DERIC "D-DOT" ANGELETTIE, UNHAPPY THAT THE MAGAZINE HAD UNMASKED HIM AS THE MADD RAPPER, PAID WASHINGTON A VISIT.



OF COURSE, IT ISN'T ONLY PROFESSIONAL CRITICS WHO SHOWER PERFORMERS WITH CONTEMPT. ON AN APPEARANCE ON HOWARD STERN'S RADIO SHOW LAST SPRING, ICP WERE ANYTHING BUT A CROWD FAVORITE.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS? INSANE CLOWN PUSSIES?

THESE GUYS ARE GOING AROUND TRYING TO ACT BLACK.

I'M A CLOWN, BROTHER, I'M NOT TRYING TO BE BLACK OR WHITE OR GREEN—

OH, YOU'RE TRYING TO BE A CLOWN? WELL, YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB AT THAT!

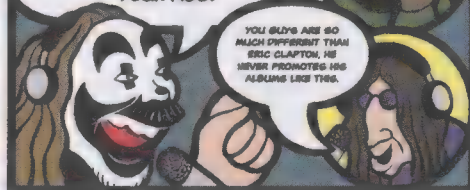


COME DOWN TO THE STUDIO AND I'LL STICK MY CLOWNY FOOT IN YOUR ASS! I DON'T CARE WHAT COLOR YOU ARE!

AND WHEN THE COPE COME YOU'LL ACT WHITE. YOU DON'T WANT TO BE BLACK THEN, DO YOU?

TELL ME WHERE THE CAR WASH YOU WORK AT IS AND I'LL COME UP THERE AND ROLL MY '98 EXPLORER, AND AFTER YOU CLEAN MY RIMS I'LL KICK YOUR ASS!

YOU GUYS ARE SO MUCH DIFFERENT THAN ERIC CLAPTON, HE NEVER PROMOTES HIS ALBUMS LIKE THIS.



THERE'S A GUY IN THE LOBBY, A BLACK GUY. . . HE SAID, 'I WAS DRIVING BY, YOU GUYS ARE LOOKING FOR A BLACK GUY TO KICK THEIR ASS, I'M HERE.' I'LL BRING HIM TO THE GREEN ROOM.

I'LL STICK MY FOOT IN HIS ASS.

SABABOOEY



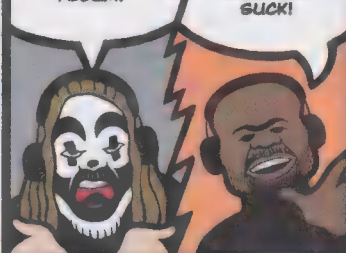
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM WITH US?

YOU SUCK! THEY DON'T SHOW YOUR VIDEOS ON MTV 'CAUSE YOU SUCK!



I GOT A GOLD RECORD AND I SUCK? HOW CAN THAT BE, 500,000 PEOPLE BOUGHT MY ALBUM?

'CAUSE THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE THAT DON'T APPRECIATE TALENT! YOU SUCK, YOU SUCK, YOU SUCK!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU WANNA KICK MY ASS?

'CAUSE YOU'RE TALKING NOISE. I'M STANDING UP FOR EVERYBODY. YOU SAY 'SOMEBODY COME DOWN HERE—I'M DOWN HERE, BABY. WHAT'S UP?



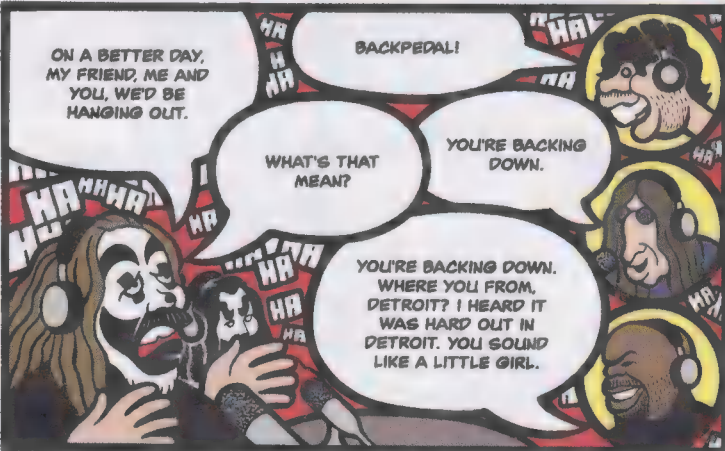
ON A BETTER DAY, MY FRIEND, ME AND YOU, WE'D BE HANGING OUT.

BACKPEDAL!

WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

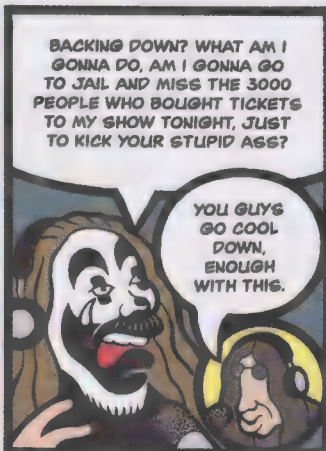
YOU'RE BACKING DOWN.

YOU'RE BACKING DOWN. WHERE YOU FROM, DETROIT? I HEARD IT WAS HARD OUT IN DETROIT. YOU SOUND LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.



BACKING DOWN? WHAT AM I GONNA DO, AM I GONNA GO TO JAIL AND MISS THE 3000 PEOPLE WHO BOUGHT TICKETS TO MY SHOW TONIGHT, JUST TO KICK YOUR STUPID ASS?

YOU GUYS GO COOL DOWN, ENOUGH WITH THIS.



THEY WERE TALKING NOISE ON THE AIR, THEY WERE GONNA DO THIS, DO THAT. I CAME DOWN HERE, END OF STORY.



ALL THIS RIDICULE EVIDENTLY ATE AWAY AT VIOLENT J'S INNER CLOWN. AT A ST. PAUL CONCERT SOON AFTER, HE SUFFERED A PANIC ATTACK ONSTAGE AND CUT OFF HIS DREADLOCKS, FORCING ICP TO CANCEL THE REST OF THEIR TOUR.



A FEW DAYS LATER, VIOLENT J EXPERIENCED ANOTHER ANXIETY EPISODE AND HAD TO BE HOSPITALIZED IN A MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY. . .



... FINALLY PUTTING THE "INSANE" INTO INSANE CLOWN POSSE.

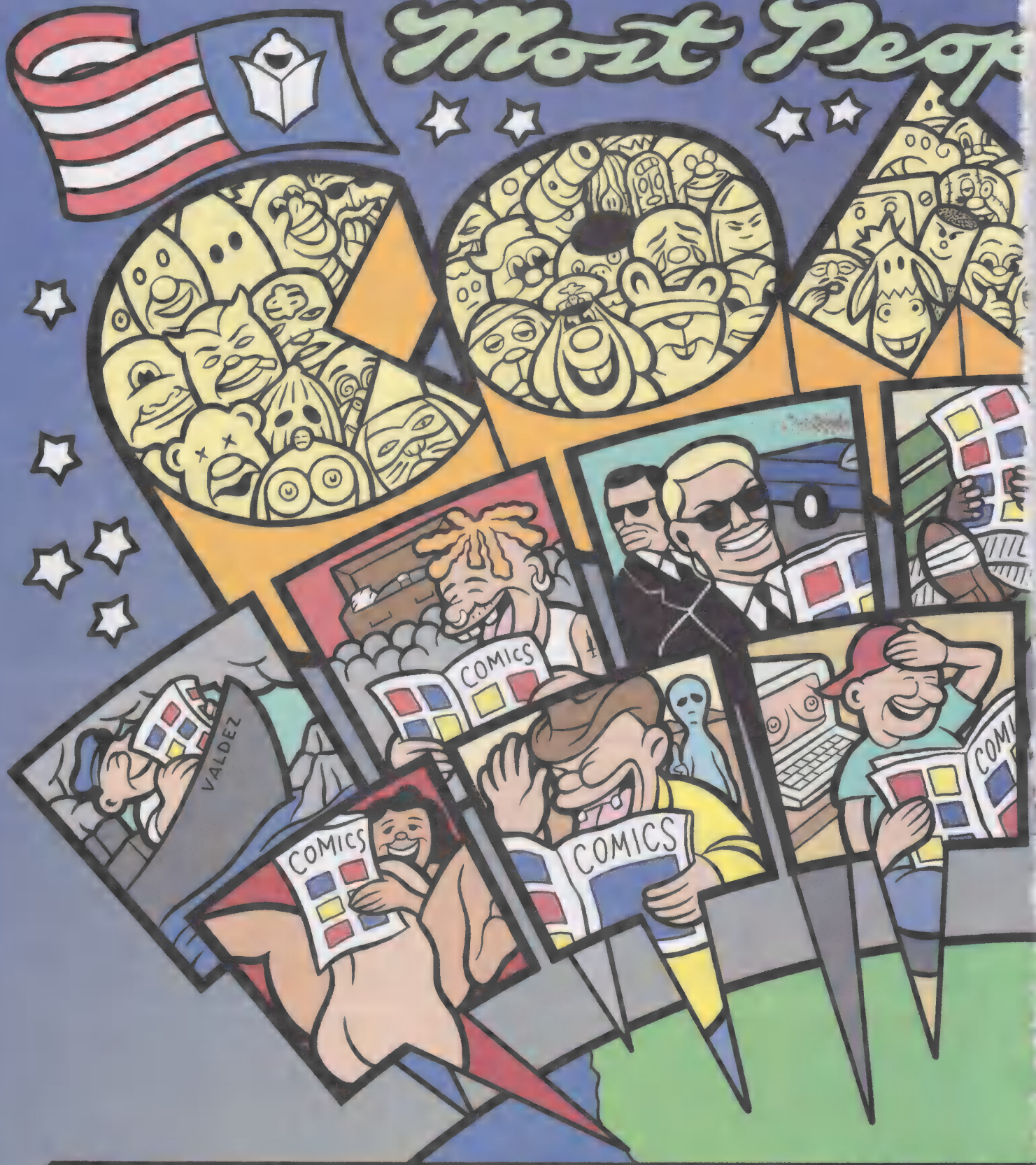
TODAY, THE CLOWNS' FAVORITE TUNE IS TO REMIND ANYONE WHO'LL LISTEN THAT THE GREAT MILENKO IS NOW "CERTIFIED GOLD." OF COURSE, GIVEN THAT IT TOOK ALL THE FREE PUBLICITY THAT ANY GROUP COULD HOPE TO RECEIVE, A FORTUNE INVESTED BY ISLAND RECORDS, AND A YEAR IN STORES TO REACH THAT SALES MILESTONE, IT CERTAINLY APPEARS THAT THE CLOWNS HAVE PEAKED.

AS ICP'S BRIEF MOMENT DRAWS TO A CLOSE, THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY SEEMS SECURE. AFTER ALL, FELLOW PUNCHLINE VANILLA ICE SOLD 15 MILLION COPIES, AND LOOK WHERE HE IS NOW.





# Most People



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"Girl Power" by Thomas Thewes/Der Lärm



# CARTOON BABYLON

Contrary to what the media will tell you, the history of off-color, adult-themed cartoons reaches back far beyond *South Park*. Indeed, Matt Stone and Trey Parker's pottymouthed paper cutouts are even more one-dimensional when compared with some of the outrageous short films locked in the dusty vaults of Hollywood's most famous animation studios. Walt Disney, Warner Bros., and Paramount all possess stockpiles of controversial cartoons whose questionable content has kept them out of the public eye for decades. In addition to racist, ultraviolent, and "blue" animated shorts which were taken out of circulation years after their initial release, there are a number of films



**CHICKEN HAWK CHARLIE (1925)**

Inspired by Charlie Chaplin's shotgun marriage to a 16-year-old girl and the little tramp's subsequent beating at the hands of outraged studio boss Louis B. Mayer, this in-house production was created strictly for the titillation and amusement of MGM staffers and was never screened in public.



**YELLOW FEVER (1945)**

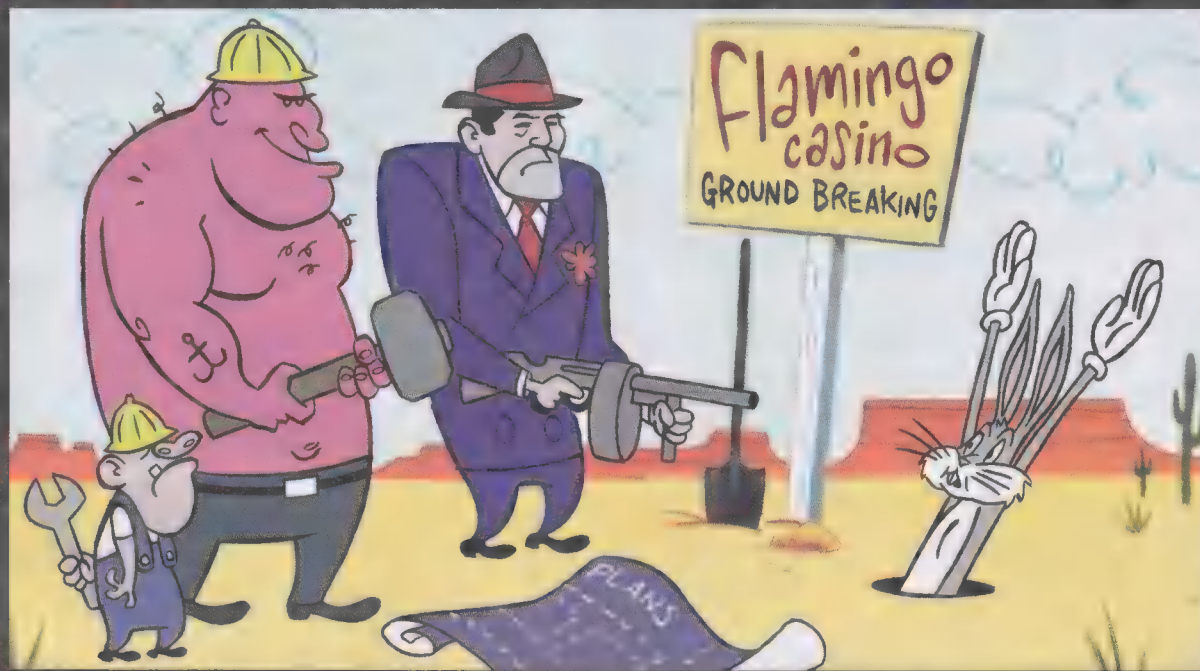
In an effort to promote its policy of placing Japanese-Americans in internment camps, the U.S. Government enlisted the aid of the country's best-loved "Jap slapper," Popeye the Sailor. However, the A-bomb incinerated Hiroshima and Nagasaki and brought an end to the war before this film could be distributed.



# Animation's Darkest and Best Kept Secrets

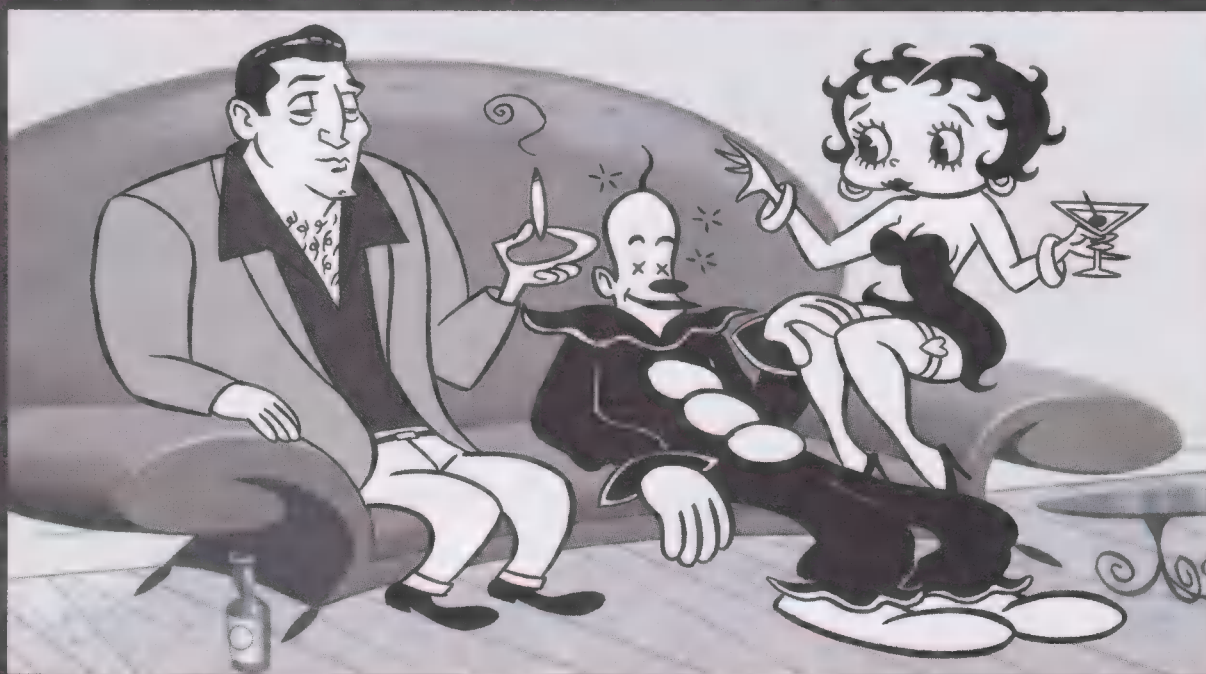
## Another Installment in **MOTORBOOTY's** Great Lost Culture of the 20th Century Series

equally offensive to today's sensibilities that never even made it to theaters, with subject matter bizarre enough to make Ralph Bakshi blush. While some of these films like *Coal Black and De Seven Dwarves* have been screened at animation festivals in the last few years, countless others remained in cold storage until a recent accidental discovery brought to light the existence of these strange artifacts from a time before "PG" and "PC." Now, for the first time ever, we'd like to share a few of these banned, rejected, and lost cartoons, on loan from the collection of **MOTORBOOTY** archivist Glenn Barr.



**BUGS vs. BUGSY (1946)**

In this typically slapstick Warner Bros. offering, Bugs Bunny thwarts wiseguy Bugsy Siegel's attempt to build a resort hotel on the site of the rabbit's abode. The release of this short feature was indefinitely postponed when a series of mishaps landed half the Warner Bros. animation studio in the hospital with broken limbs.



**WEED CRAZY (1948)**

As a condition of his parole following an arrest for marijuana possession, Robert Mitchum agreed to have his likeness used in this cautionary cartoon. Although intended to warn viewers against the dangers of "Mary Jane," the film's graphic depiction of hemp-fueled debauchery caused the studio to worry that it might actually promote pot smoking and they cancelled its release.





FACTORY OUTLET

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MB6, MB8.	MOTORBOOTY MAGAZINE #6,8	\$1
PI-P25.	SILK SCREENED, LIMITED EDITION POSTERS & PRINTS BY MARK DANCEY	PRICED AS INDICATED
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SI-S2.	STICKERS	\$1

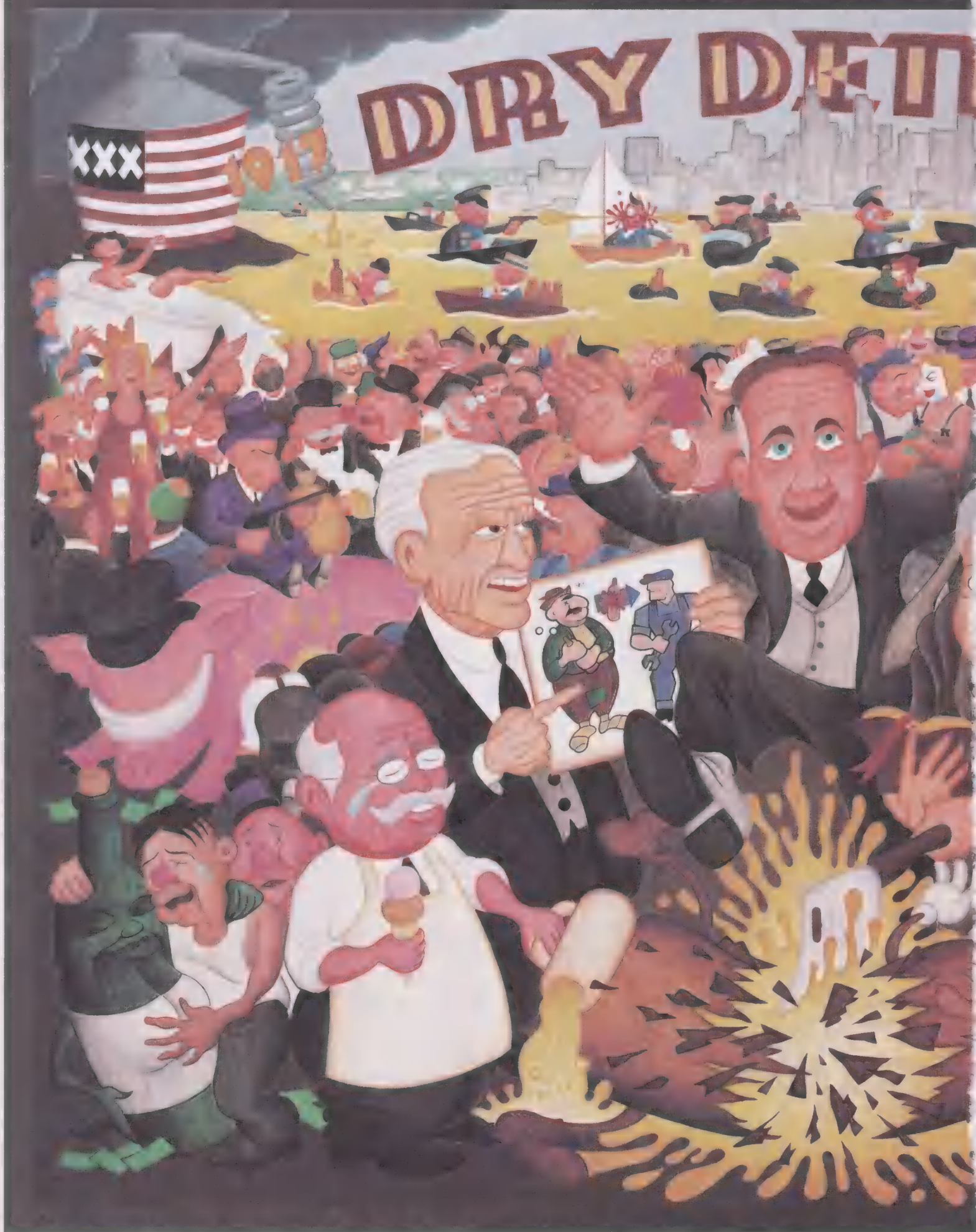








# DRY DET







## Great Moments in Morality

Always a city ahead of the curve, Detroit ushers in the age of prohibition when Michigan bans alcohol in 1917, three years before the 18th Amendment enforces nationwide sobriety. Championed by hyperactive evangelist Billy Sunday, axe-wielding vandal Carrie Nation, and paranoid industrialist Henry Ford, while opposed by suspicious characters like German-born brewer Julius Stroh, the measure is intended as a remedy for all social ills: without evil drink crime will cease, lazy immigrants will become efficient auto workers, and fathers will spend evenings with their families instead of carousing in saloons with loose women. Almost immediately, the citizenry demonstrate that prohibition may not have the desired effect: crime overwhelms the corrupt police department, immigrants organize efficient criminal enterprises like the Purple Gang and the Licavoli Squad and begin shooting at rivals, nosy radio reporters like Jerry Buckley, and random bystanders; and fathers spend their evenings carousing in illegal drinking establishments with loose women while their families manufacture, transport, and sell bootleg liquor. With the Detroit River forming a laughably porous border with Canada, Detroit soon becomes the smuggling capital of the U.S., and 75% of the country's illegally imported booze passes through the city. The mayhem only ends when prohibition is repealed in 1933, and it will take several decades before Detroit is once again known for illegal substances and murder.



**IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE TO THE  
TOP, YOU'RE GONNA NEED A MAP.**

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**"You know Courtney, you may live to be 100 and never have a wrinkle - but baby, what plastic surgeon is gonna go in there and fix all the scars in your heart?"**

**- From I'M STILL HERE, DAMN IT! track #6, "Courtney Love"**

STARRING SANDRA BERNHARD AS HERSELF  
**sandra bernhard** I'M STILL HERE DAMN IT!



72 minutes of  
**Sandra**  
**Singing & Slinging**

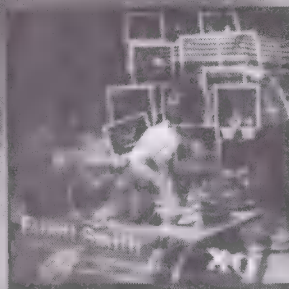


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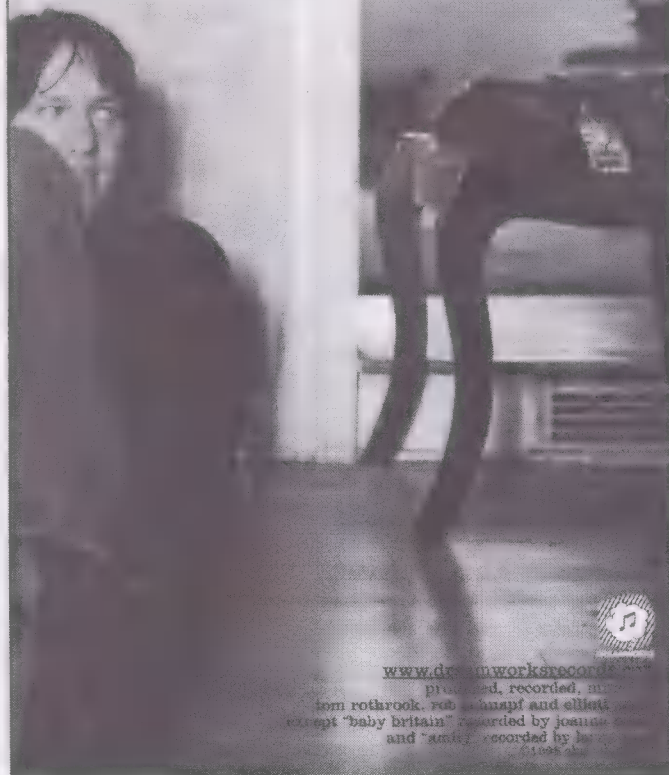
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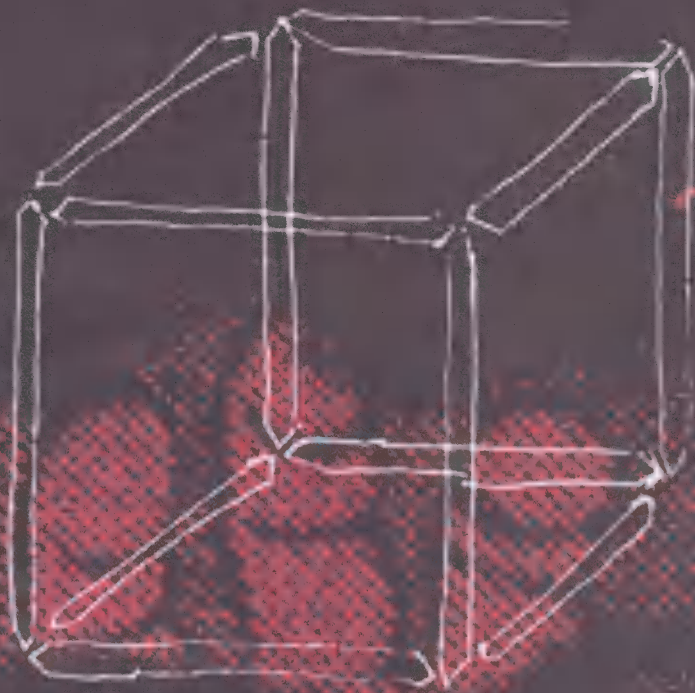


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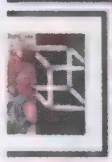


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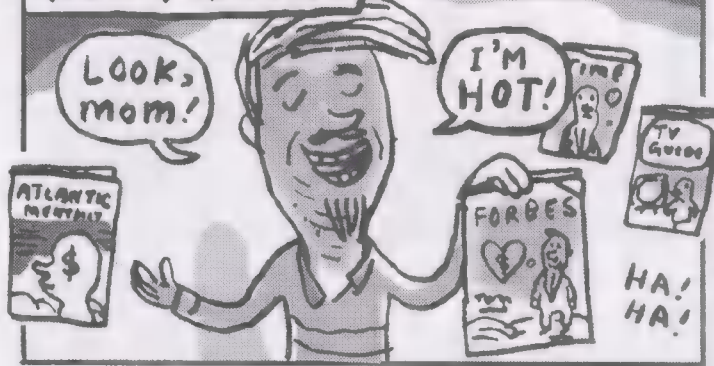
# The INCREDIBLY Short Career of DUANE REED



EVERY 3 OR 4 YEARS, ONE OF THE GREAT EAST COAST ART SCHOOLS PRODUCES A COMMERCIAL ARTIST OF EXCEPTIONAL TALENT AND ABILITY, WHO TAKES THE WORLD BY STORM! FEW HAVE BURNT SO HOT AND FAST AS DUANE REED!



ONE MONTH OUT OF PARSONS AND DUANE REED HAD ALREADY SOLD COVERS TO TIME MAGAZINE, READER'S DIGEST AND THE NEW YORKER!



THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS GAVE HIM THE GOLDEN CROWN HIS FIRST YEAR IN THE BUSINESS!



LESS-TALENTED ART SCHOOL CHUMS STARTED PESTERING HIM ABOUT THIS OR THAT CAUSE— BUT HE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED!



DUANE, WILL YOU SPEAK OUT AGAINST PUBLISHER'S CONTRACTS THAT STEAL OUR COPYRIGHTS AND USE US LIKE SWEAT-SHOP LABOR?



BESIDES, DUANE'S REPS WERE ALREADY PREPARING TO SHOOT HIM TO THE NEXT LEVEL!

FORGET THE PIDDLY MAGAZINE WORK, DUANE.

FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL DO NOTHING BUT SHAREHOLDER REPORTS!



WHEN AN ARTIST IS PULLING DOWN 20K A WEEK, WORD SPREADS FAST. SOON DOZENS OF "STYLE BUZZARDS" WERE IMITATING DUANE'S LOOK.

MY BRUSHSTROKES ARE TECHNICALLY SUPERIOR TO DUANE REED'S—AND I'M 40% CHEAPER!

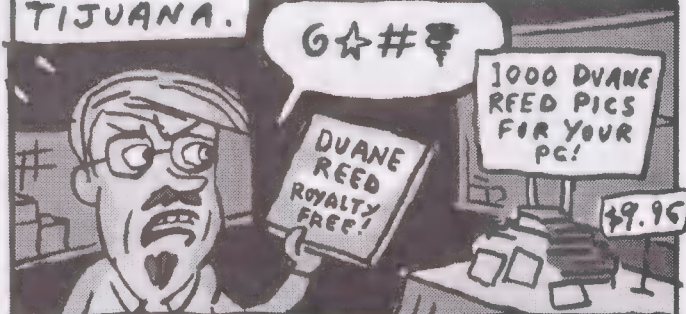




AS DUANE MILKED THE CORPORATE TEAT, STOCK HOUSES AND OTHER SCUMBAG LOWLIFES CUT THE BOTTOM OF THE MARKET OUT BENEATH HIM!



WHEN BOOTLEG CD-ROMS TURNED UP AT COSTCO, DUANE TRIED TO SUE, BUT THE COMPANY COULD ONLY BE TRACED TO A P.O. BOX IN TIJUANA.



DUANE'S REPS LATER SUE HIM FOR THE LEGAL EXPENSES.

SOON THE CLIENTS STARTED TO BALK...



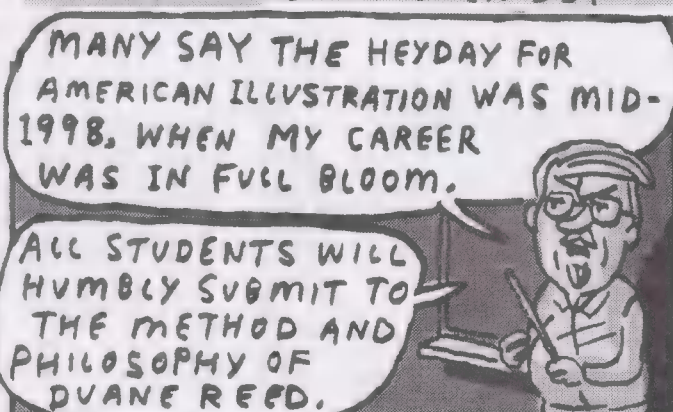
WITH WORK DRYING UP, HE BECAME A FIXTURE AT ARTIST CONFERENCES — AND IT WASN'T A PRETTY SIGHT!



FINALLY, DUANE TOOK TO MAKING A MOROSE SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF AT STUDENT PORTFOLIO REVIEWS.



HAPPILY, THE STORY DOESN'T END THERE. DUANE IS NOW A FULL PROFESSOR AT RISDIE — AND HE'S NOT EVEN 35!



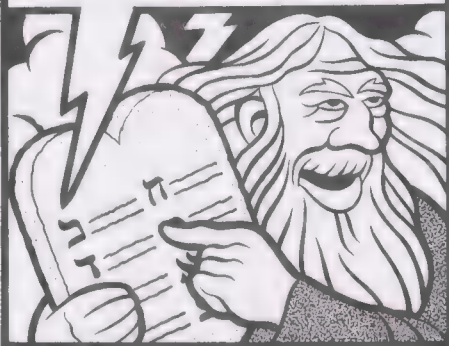
THE END



# Great Moments in Mass Communication

BY MERLINE, RICE & DANCEY

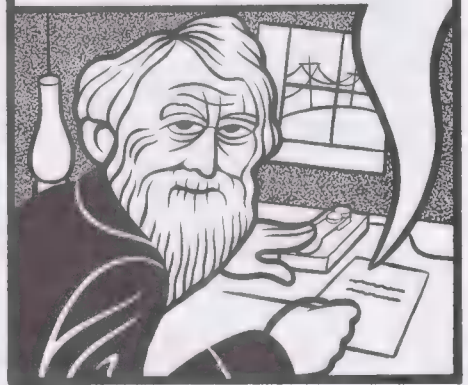
I AM THE LORD THY GOD, THOU SHALT  
NOT HAVE OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.



IN THE BEGINNING, GOD CREATED  
HEAVEN AND EARTH.



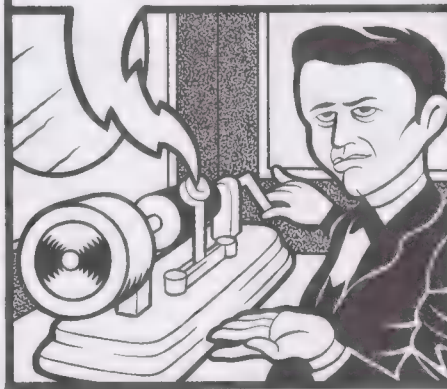
WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT.



MR. WATSON COME HERE,  
I WANT YOU!



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB



HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING!



MAMMY!



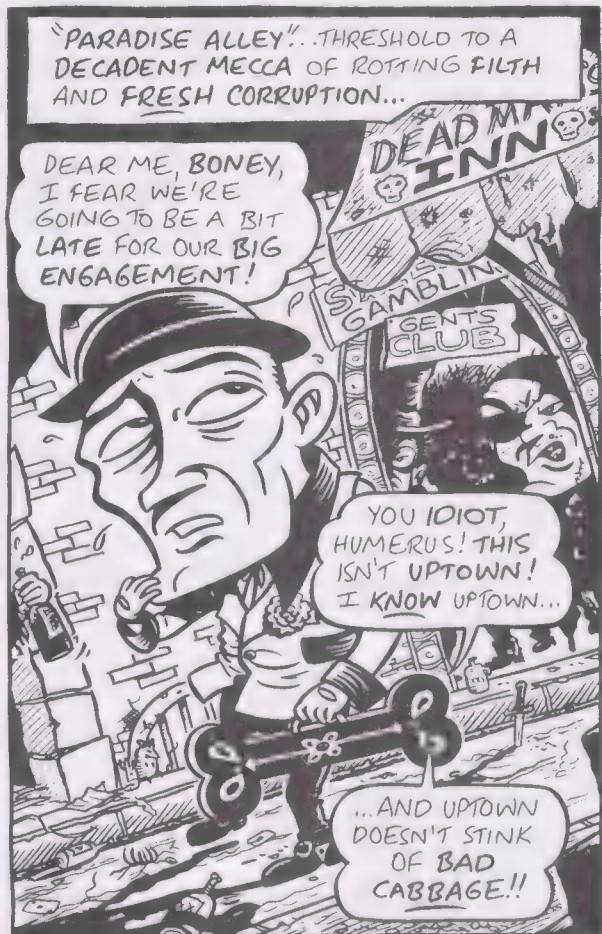
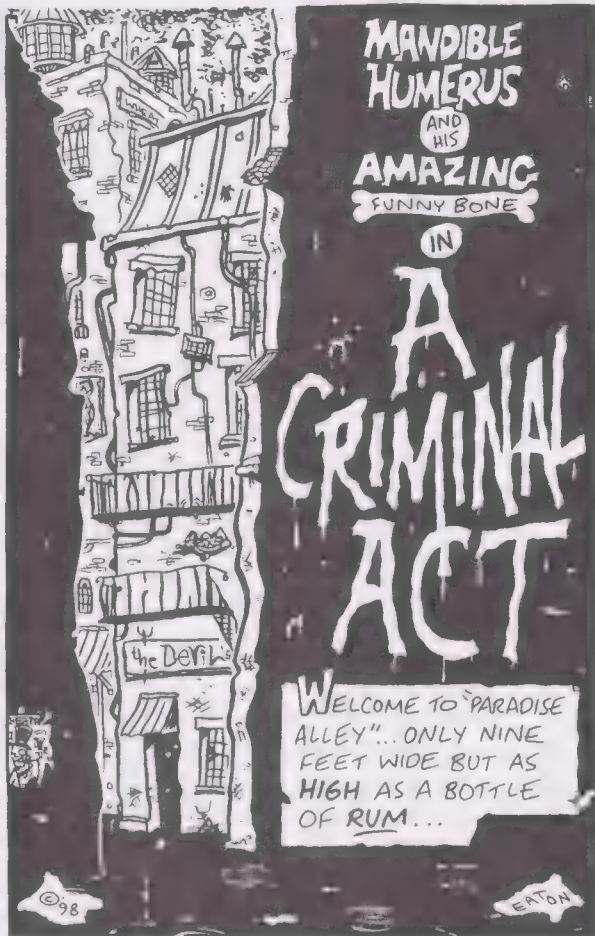
WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER  
THE MOUNTAINS



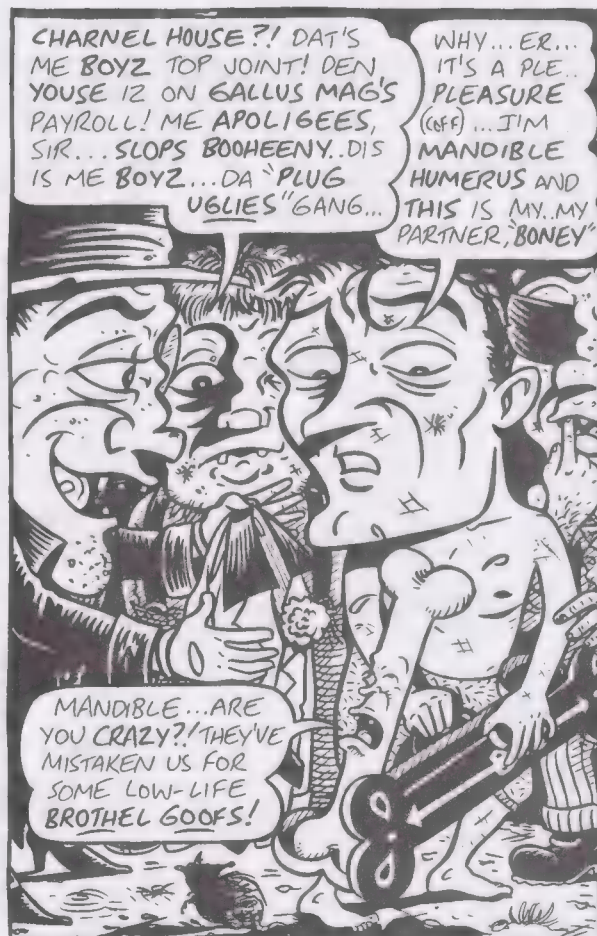
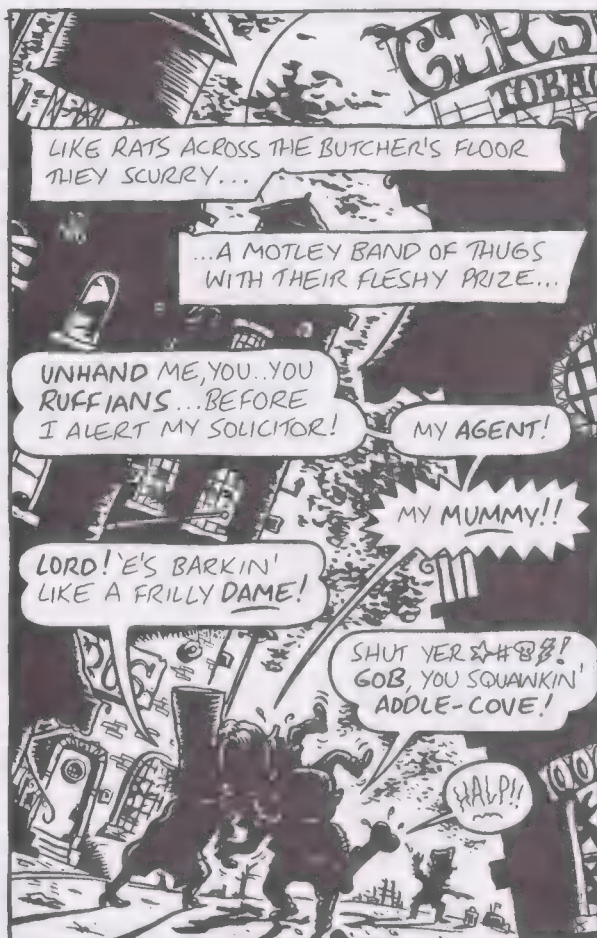
DID YOU SEE STAR TREK  
LAST NIGHT?













WELCOME TO THE HEART OF A CITY'S DEPRAVITY, ITS INMOST CAVITY OF IMMORAL DIVERSION, WHERE EVERY INHIBITION IS CHECKED AT THE DOOR...

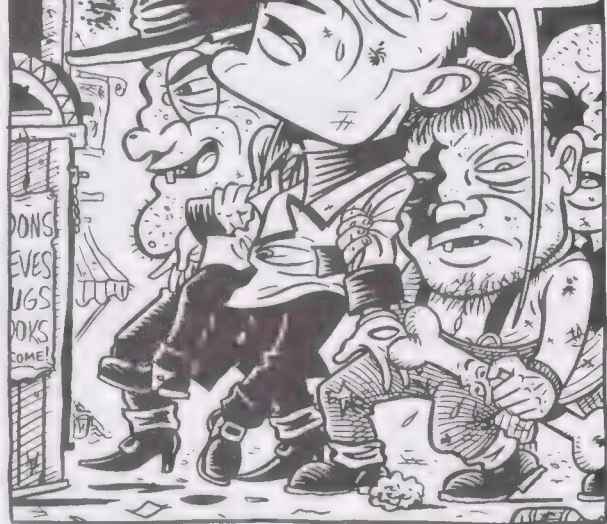


...WELCOME TO...

The CHARNEL HOUSE  
EST. 1892  
WINE LIQUOR

OH MY...BUT THIS IS ISN'T...OH DEAR...I THINK THERE'S BEEN A LITTLE GLITCH IN ENUNCIATION...

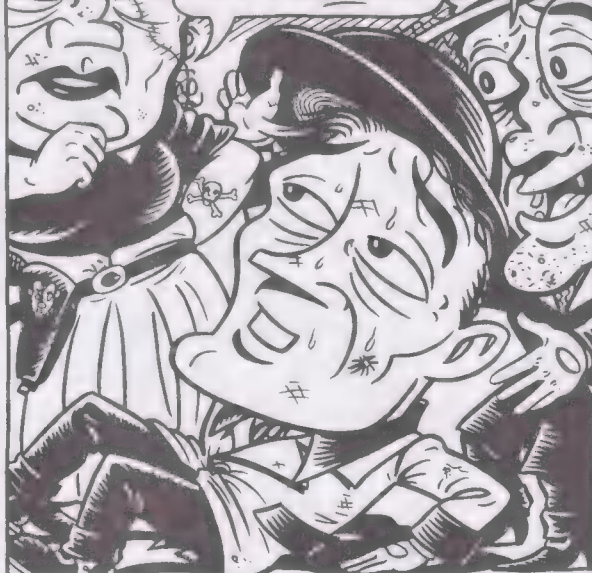
GLITCH?! MANDIBLE... WE'RE ENTERING THE MOST NOTORIOUS SLIME-PIT IN ALLOF MMM MMMMMMM!



MANDIBLE IS DROPPED UN CEREMONIOUSLY AT THE FEET OF GALLUS MAG, THE CHARNEL HOUSE'S INFAMOUS PROPRIETRESS...

'ERE, GALLUS, DIS IS MANABLE HOOMRUS, 'ESE DA GOOF FER YER BIG SHOW TANITE...WE'VE PICKED 'IM UP ON DA WAY!

HOOMRUS? GALLUS DON'T 'MEMBER HIRIN' ANY HOOM-RUS!

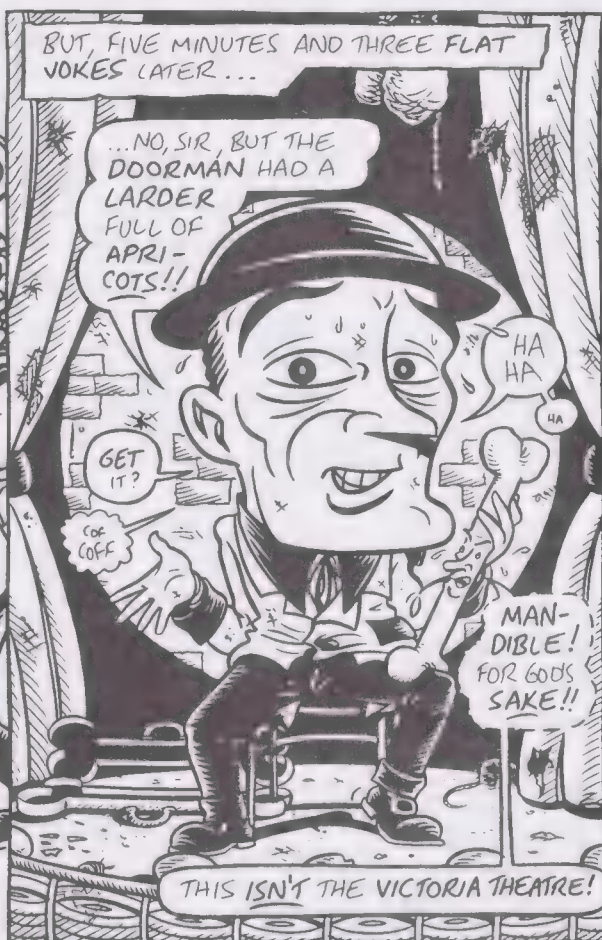


OH...BUT I'M THE COMEDY SPECIALIST, MADAM... A JOLLY LAUGH FOR MISTER CHARNEAU'S ANNUAL FETE! SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

MISTA CHARNEL?!? I TINK YER FLIMP PUT A DIN IN 'IS IDEA POT, SLOPS! TELL YA WHOT... 'E GITS FIVE JOKES AFOR DA GOILS COME OUT... DAT'S IT! BUT YOU'S BETTA BE A ROYAL JESTER OR...









WITH ONLY ONE JOKE REMAINING, BONEY TAKES OVER, GRABBING MANDIBLE'S SPOT AT CENTER STAGE...

HEY HEY HEY  
YOUSE BEDRATS  
AN' ALLEY  
TARTS!

IT'S  
FUNNY TIME!

YOU IN DA FRONT,  
DID SOMEBODY  
OPEN DA SEWER  
DRAINS OR IS DAT  
JUST YER COLOGNE?  
EH? HEH HEH HEH

HEY! EMPEROR! I  
SPOKE TA YER WIFEY  
YESTIDAY...WHEN SHE  
ROLLED O'ER IN ME  
BED!! HEHHEHHEH

BO...BONEY?!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DO...DO...

I'M TRYING  
TO SAVE YOUR  
BLESSED EAR!  
NOT TO MENTION  
MY ASS!!

BONEY'S COARSE SHTICK GOES DOWN LIKE BAPTIZED LIQUOR! DA CROWD LOVES IT!

HAAAA

DAT'S DA JESTA, MATEY!

YOUSE ☆#💣 LITFA JACK COVE! SCREW MA "PRETTY MOLLY" WILL YA?!

HA HA HA! WILL... GOOD LUCK T'YA, BILLY NOODLE, DAT EVIL'S ALL YERS!

A WHISKEY FER DA BONEY FELLA!

HA HA HA

IT APPEARS THAT BONEY HAS INDEED SPARED HIS WELL-BRED COLLEAGUE FROM THE CONSEQUENCES DUE, BUT...

GALLUS DON'T LIKE 'DNEST, NICE, TROOFULL PEOPLE! I TINK'S I IS GOIN' TA NOW CHEW OFF YER FAT, LITTA MISTA HOOM-RUS!!

GNASH GRIND

B..BUT, MADAM! THE THE A..ACT..

...THEY LOVED US!

STUFF YER GOB, MATEY! WID OUT DAT BONE YOU AHNT HORSEPILE!!

AND, GALLUS BEING A WOMAN OF HER WORD, MANDIBLE SOON FINDS HIMSELF QUITE BEREFT OF HIS...

EAR!

EAR! EAR, MATE, DIS IS A THOROUGHFARE... MOVE ALONG NOW!

...AND HIS PARTNER!

HEY! I'M KIDDIN'!  
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

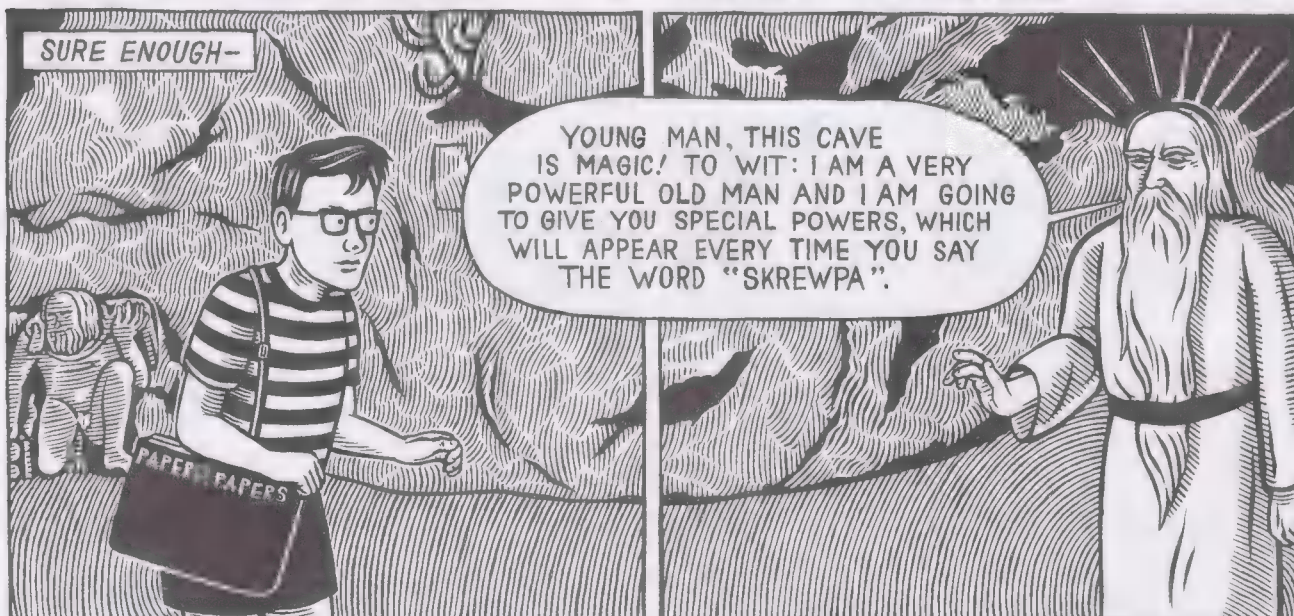
HEY HEY HEY! IT'S 5:00 (AM)! DAT'S DA SHOW FER TANITE, FOLKS! STILL TIME TA 'AVE ANUDDER DOZEN DRINKS OR SO BEFORE DA SUN SHOWS UP! LET'S KEEP DA KILLIN' WITHIN REASON TANITE... OKAY?

HA HA HA HA

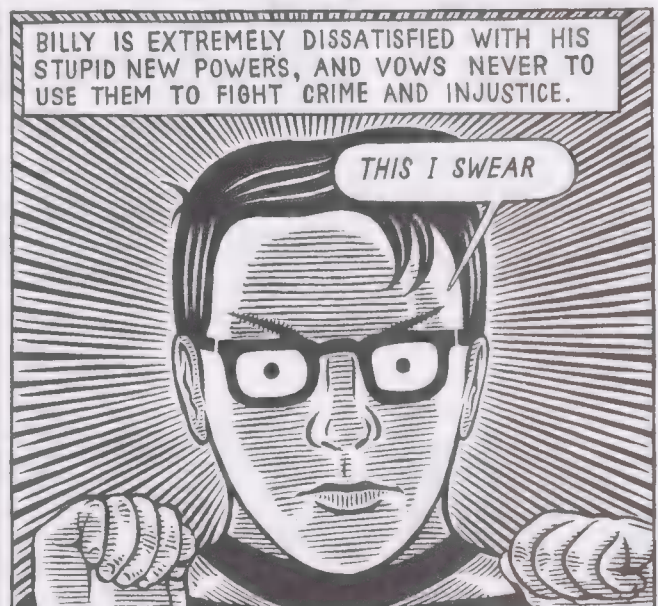
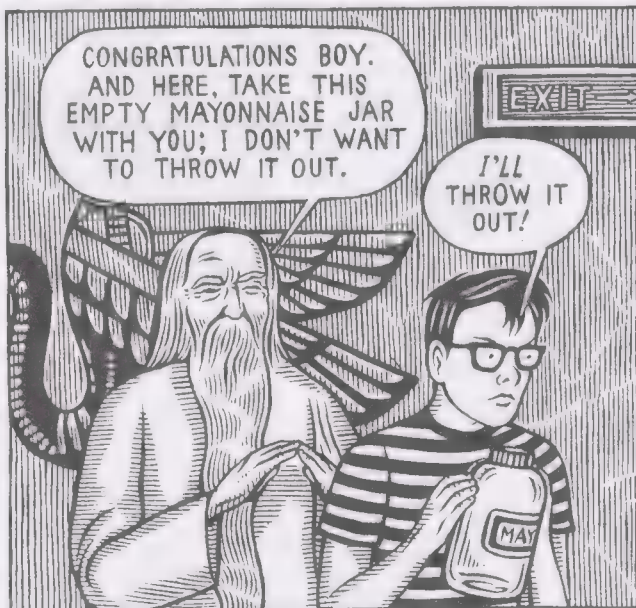
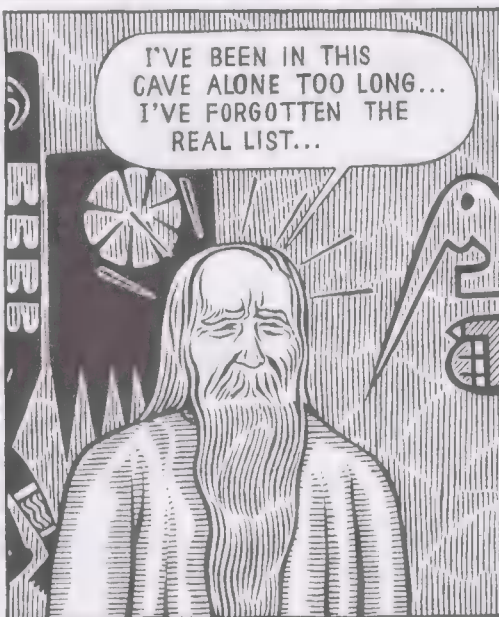
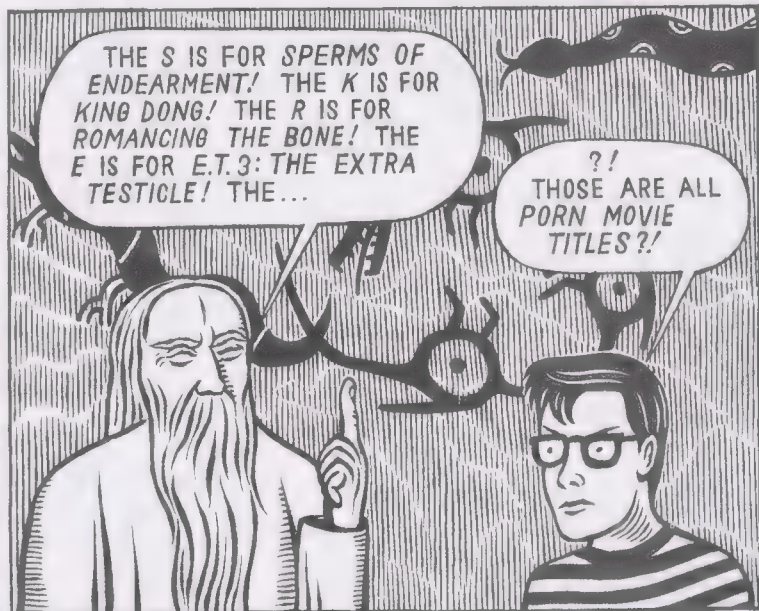
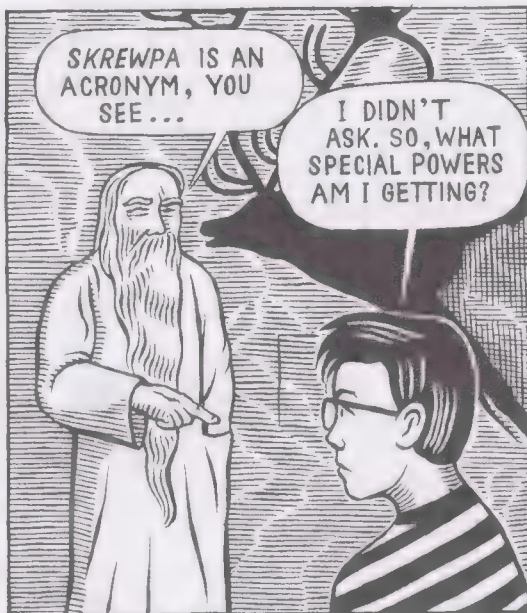
DAT'S SHOW BIZ, FOLKS!



# CAPTAIN MARGINAL

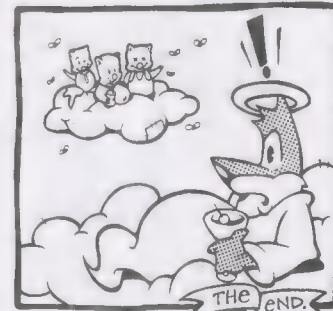
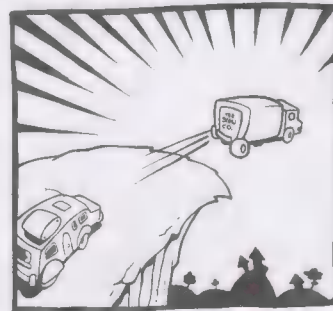
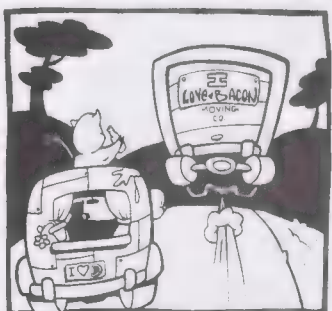
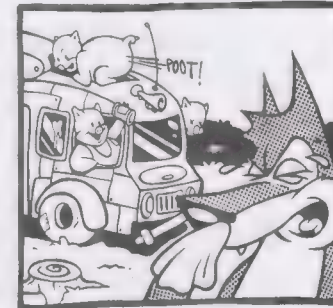
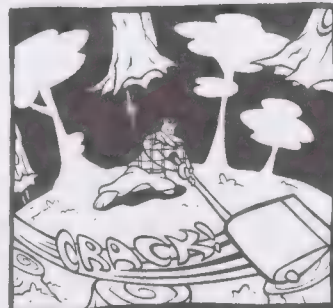
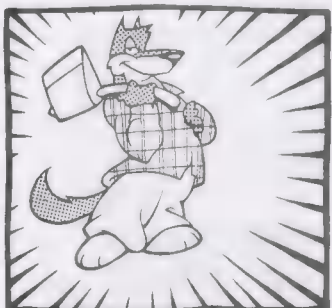
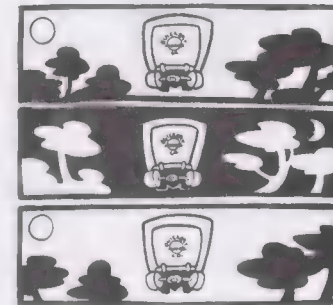
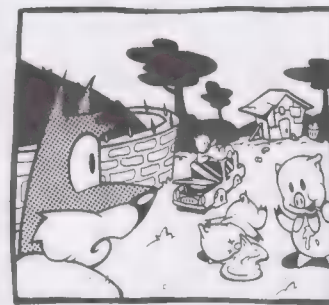
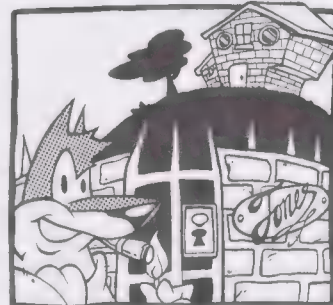
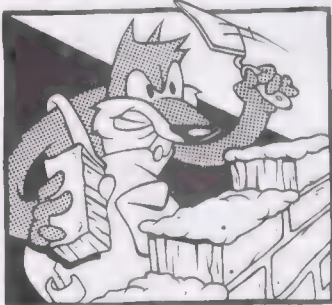
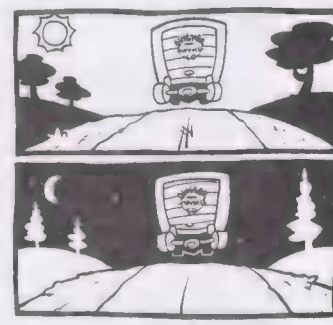
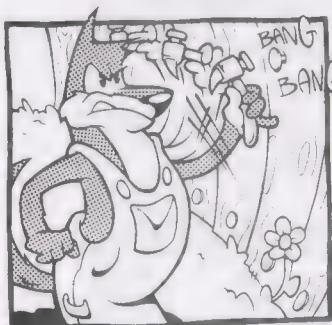
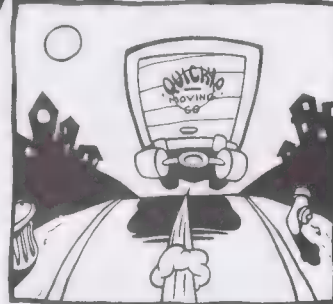
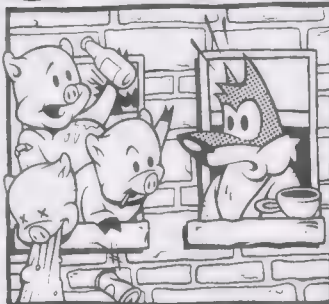
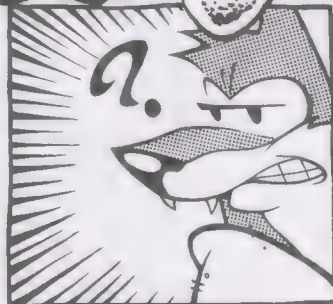








# THERE GOES... THE NEIGHBORHOOD BY TRISTAN BATON



THE END.





## Johnny Ace

*These days going to the top of the pop charts only to die young and tragically seems old hat. Everyone remembers instant myths like Buddy, Ritchie, Jimi, Janis, and Kurt, yet they tend to forget a dude who had it all and blew his dome off way before it was par for the rock 'n' roll course.*

*Johnny Ace was a killer piano player and deftly used his vocal talents for both buttery-smooth "beggin'-for-pussy" crooners and groovin' uptempo rockers. He only released ten singles in his brief solo career, but two of them, "My Song" and "The Clock" went to #1 in the R & B charts.*

*His fondness for getting drunk and playing around with handguns caught up with him in 1954, when he put a .32 revolver to his skull and blasted its contents all over the dressing room of the Houston City Auditorium. Although rumors of foul play abounded, "Big Mama" Thornton, who witnessed the event, claimed it was nothing more than a game of Russian Roulette, and that the gun wasn't the only one loaded. Ace was 25 and beautiful.*



# SPEAR OF DESTINY & THEATRE OF HATE

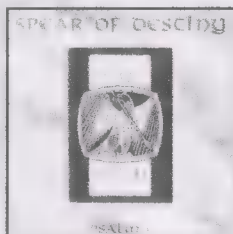
Kirk Brandon's two bands are revisited in three volumes each of rare, unreleased and remastered limited edition double CD sets.

NEW

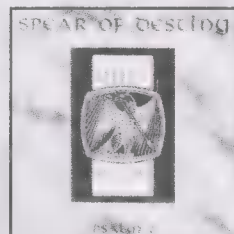


## Religion

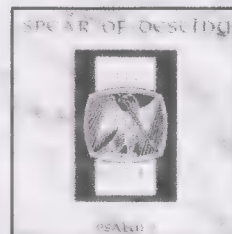
Brand new recordings from Kirk Brandon recalling Spear of Destiny at their most explosive.  
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*Psalm 2* -2CD set  
Outland/Live at the National '87  
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*Psalm 3* -2CD set  
Manor Mobil Sessions/Live at the Barrowlands '85  
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*Act I* -2CD set  
Revolution/Live in Sweden  
70016-2



*Act II* -2CD set  
Ten Years After/Hell Who Dares  
70020-2



*Act III* -2CD set  
Retribution/ Live at Bingley Hall  
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# SK

YESTERDAY  
*and* TODAY



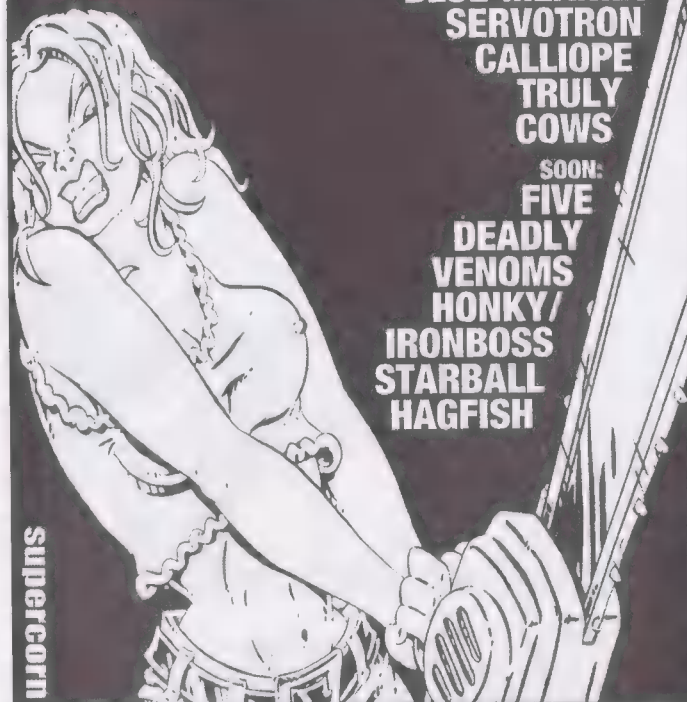


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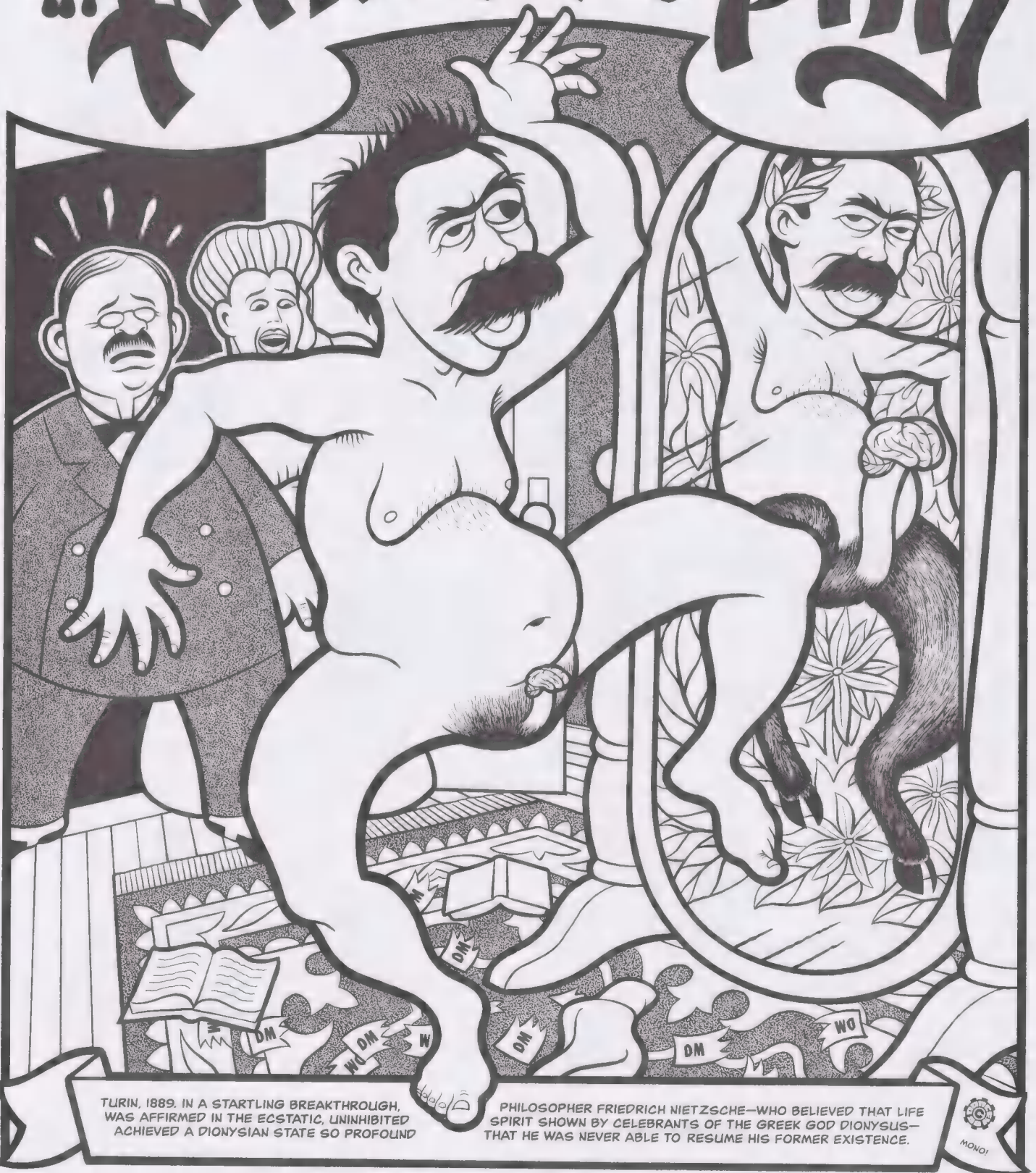
**PLASTILINA MOSH**  
**AQUAMOSH**

PLASTILINA MOSH

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# Great Moments in Philosophy



TURIN, 1889. IN A STARTLING BREAKTHROUGH, WAS AFFIRMED IN THE ECSTATIC, UNINHIBITED ACHIEVED A DIONYSIAN STATE SO PROFOUND

PHILOSOPHER FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE—WHO BELIEVED THAT LIFE SPIRIT SHOWN BY CELEBRANTS OF THE GREEK GOD DIONYSUS— THAT HE WAS NEVER ABLE TO RESUME HIS FORMER EXISTENCE.



MONOI



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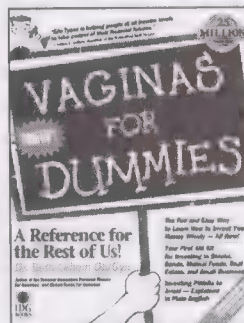
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# The SEX BLIMP





# When GOOD GUYS

**I**t's a tragedy that none of us want to think about, but sooner or later it happens to everybody: Someone you care for joins a bad band. While we all know that ill-advised musical projects are inevitable, we continue to think of them as something that only happens to other people. But what do you do when someone you love falls victim to what health-care professionals call "Aynsley Dunbar syndrome" (ADS)? In her new book *When Good Guys Join Bad Bands*, renowned therapist and best-selling author Dr. Hazel Park (*Men Are From Grand Rapids, Women Are From East Grand Rapids*) identifies the five stages of grief (see facing page) that accompany such a tragic event and presents coping strategies for when the unthinkable becomes real.

Today the average American is 350 times more likely to know someone in a bad band than just ten years ago. Each year thousands of us are incapacitated with feelings of shame and humiliation brought on by our loved ones' foolish musical choices.

No matter what your background, the calamity of pointless musical ventures can strike at any time. Without warning, your friend or lover might turn against you; indeed, it's important to remember that Aynsley Dunbar syndrome is not solely confined to men. With women increasingly falling prey to the temptations of the concert stage, experts project that within another generation



most bad bands will be chiefly composed of females.

Dr. Park's book and accompanying series of taped lectures can help you take prompt action to protect your mental, physical, and social well-being. Her program will aid your recovery from the full range of painful issues created by loved ones afflicted with Aynsley Dunbar syndrome.

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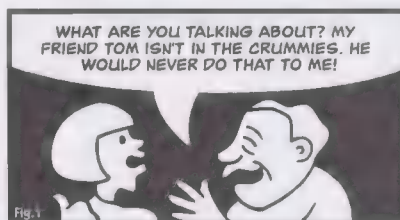
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## THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF: AN INTRODUCTION

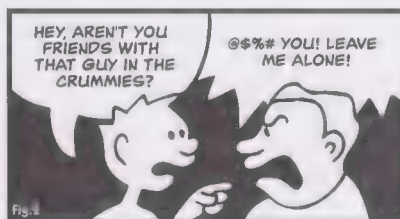
### 1. Denial

This initial phase is marked by an adamant refusal to accept that any friend of yours would think so little of you as to join a bad band. The characteristic reaction is genuine disbelief, motivated by an instinctual need to protect yourself and your reputation. At this early point in the grieving process, your denial is so absolute that the validity of the friendship is not yet in question. (See Figure 1)



### 2. Anger

At this stage, a limited concession is made to a grave reality: You can admit that someone you care about is involved in an unlistenable musical endeavor. Inevitably this leads to feelings of indignation and outrage. Not only has a person you once trusted betrayed you by committing an egregious offense against good taste, but he or she has brought shame on your head by virtue of your association with them. Over time, the rage you feel about your friend begins to poison all of your interpersonal relationships. (See Figure 2)



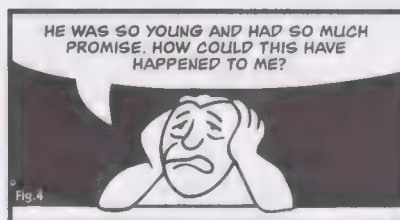
### 3. Rationalization and Negotiation

This most pivotal period in the process represents a more complicated attempt to come to terms with your friend's membership in the band and reconcile that unfortunate fact with lingering feelings of loyalty and affection. Publically, you become an apologist, desperately searching for redeeming qualities in both your friend and their band. Privately, however, these rationalizations break down into abject pleading with higher powers. (See Figure 3)



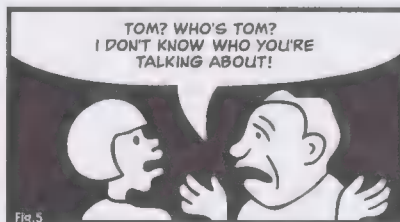
### 4. Depression

Once you fully realize that your friend is never going to terminate their band membership and there's nothing you can do to save them, you begin to question your own worth and you slip into a deep depression. This stage is characterized by self-pity, lethargy, loss of appetite, alopecia, and substance abuse. You begin to withdraw from all human interaction, and you may even contemplate suicide. (See Figure 4)

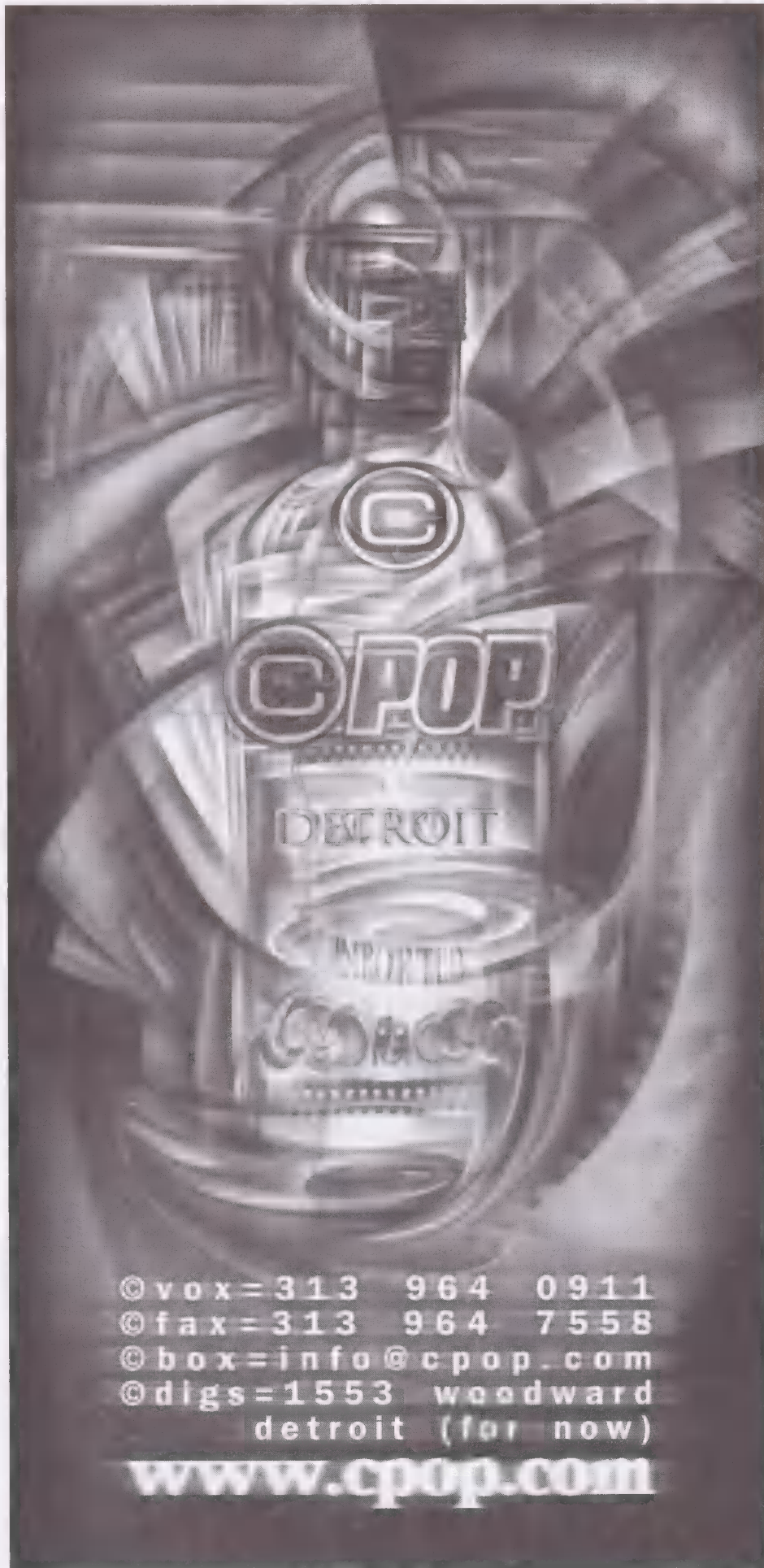


### 5. Acceptance

The conflict is resolved when you finally accept that you can't keep a friend who insists on remaining in a bad band. You realize that if your former companion ever really valued your friendship, they never would have joined the group in the first place. By remaining their friend, you are allowing them to hurt you and countless others, and you cannot in good conscience be an enabler in their destructive behavior any longer. Only with the complete renunciation of your friendship can the healing process begin. (See Figure 5)







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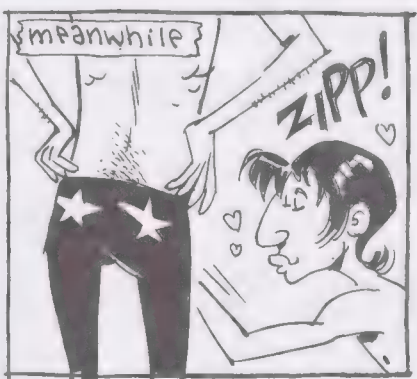
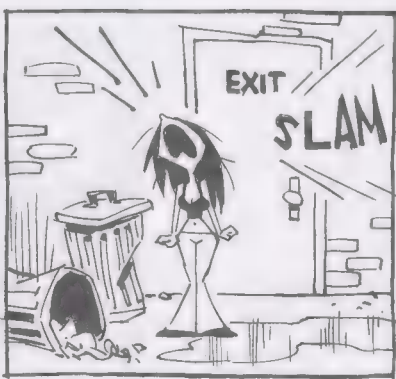
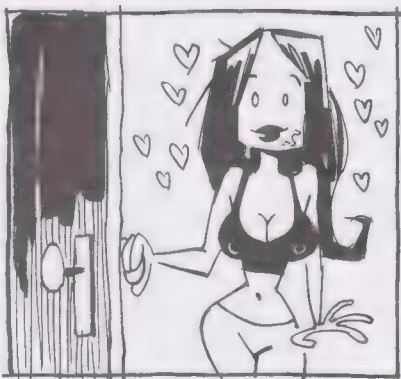
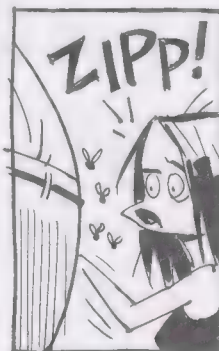
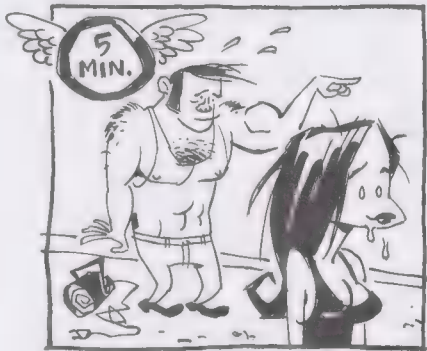
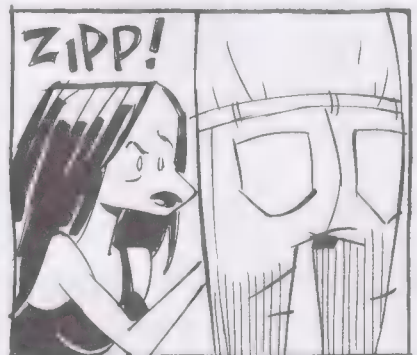
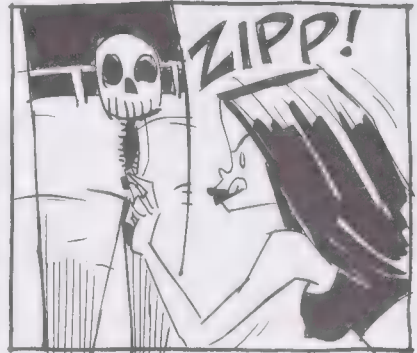
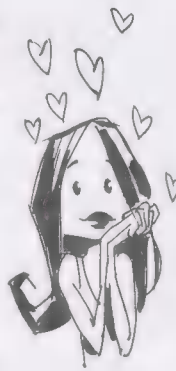
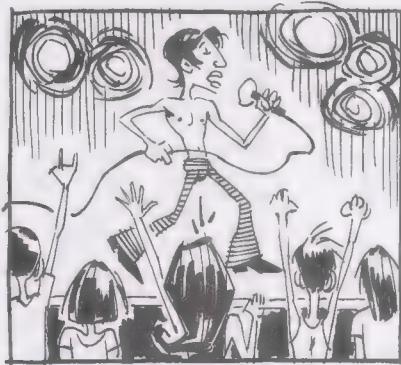
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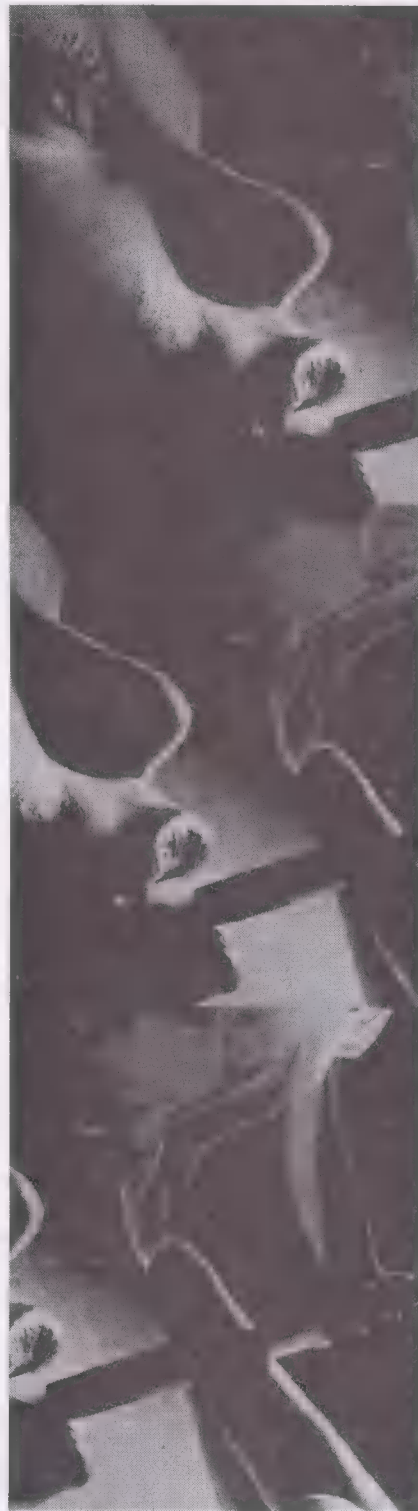
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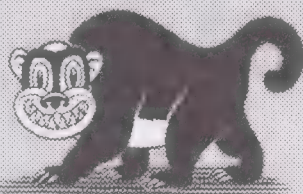
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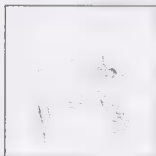


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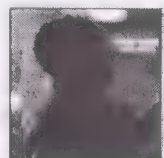
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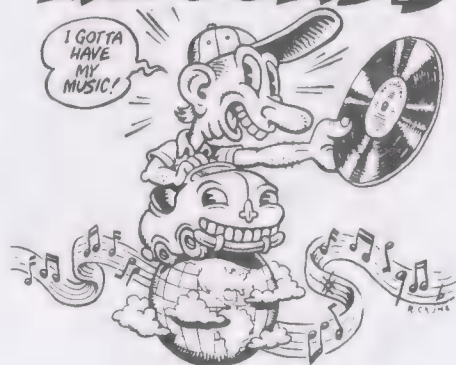
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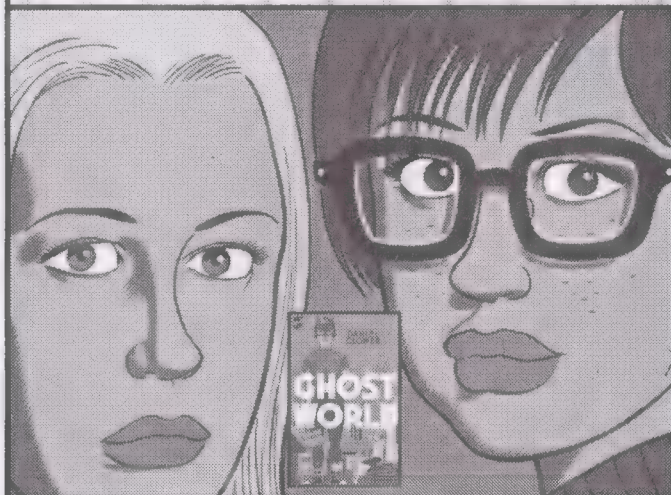
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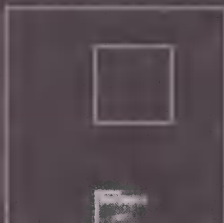
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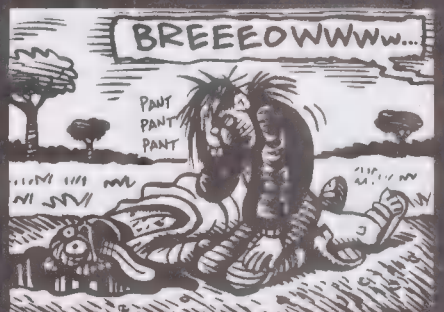
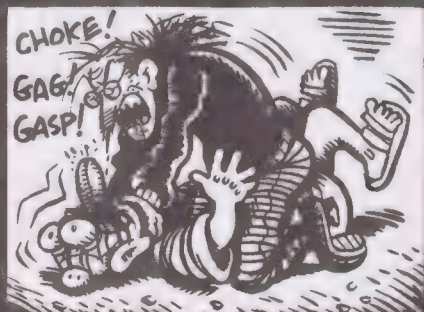
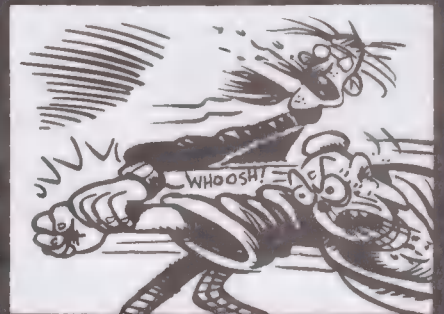
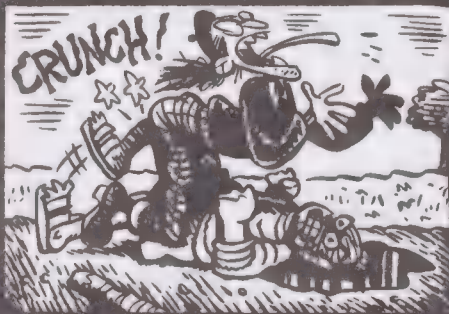
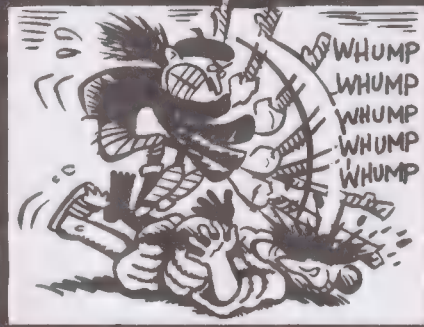
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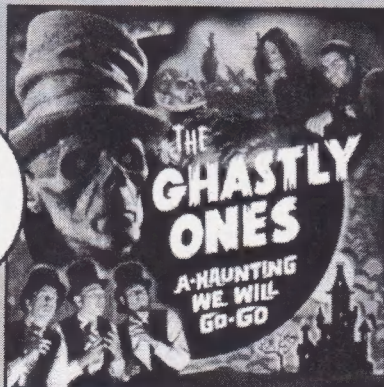
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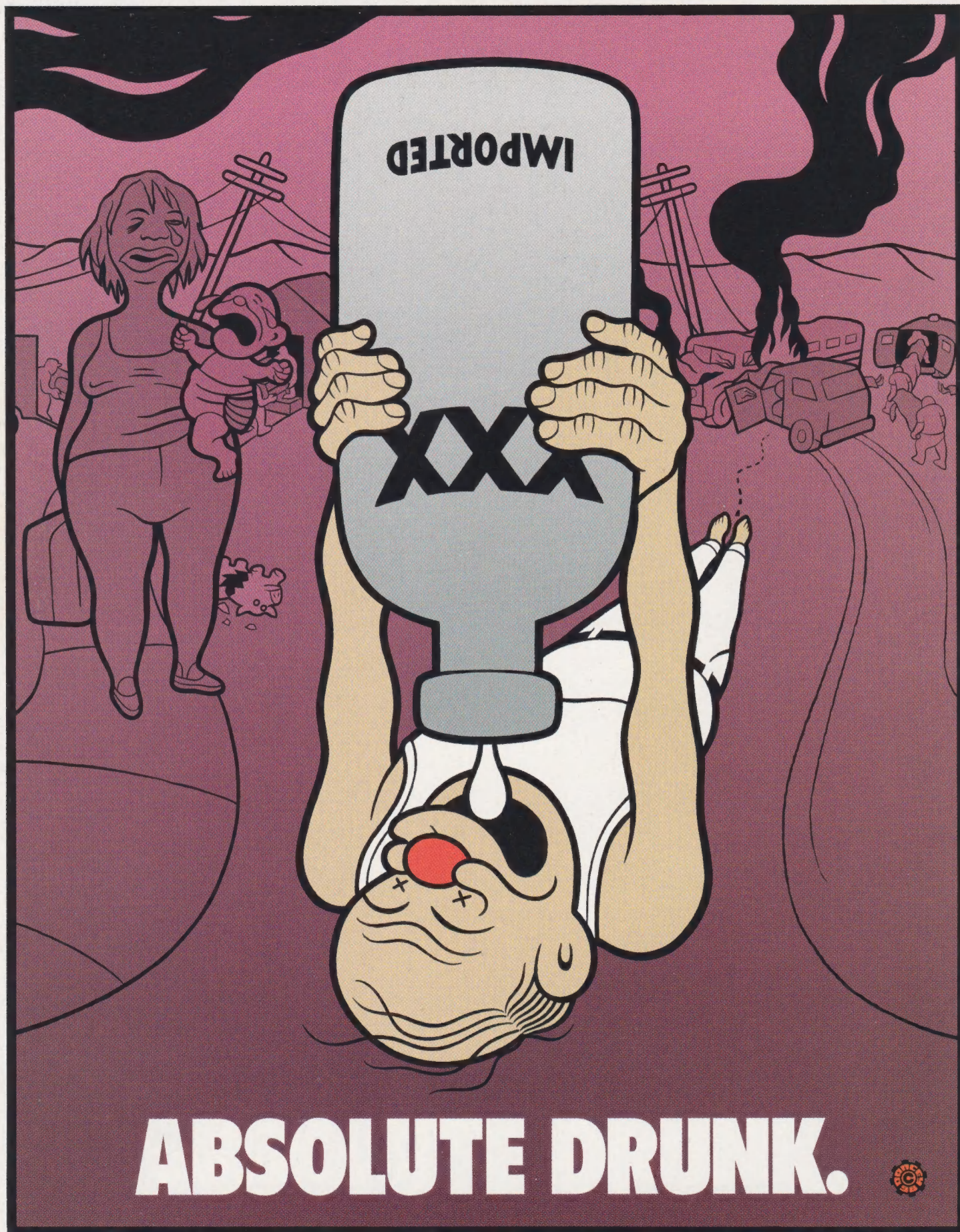


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